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# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. 1

JANUARY, 1921

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ISSUED AT ALTO, ARIZONA, U. S. A., EVERY OTHER MONTH

"My Life is Well Paid for this Hoard."—*Beowulf*.

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Josiah Bond.....page 2

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"

## ANNOUNCEMENT!

This modest magazine of verse is submitted to an indulgent audience, though it is hoped to strengthen it in the future, as it is certain that there is much real poetry, that has not yet received publicity, and which ought not to be lost. In the belief that poetry is the true daughter of human life, most worthy of preservation as the sanctuary of ideals, it is far better that ninety and nine ambitious efforts should see the light, than that one burst of genius should be overlooked.

PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA.

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## THE MAN OF FAITH AND LAW!

### A RIMED SESTINA.

#### I.

When kings make merry playthings of the law,  
And even God's prescribed instructions mock,  
Committing pranks, as England one time saw,  
Basing their rule on whim and not the rock  
Of justice, there arises holy man,  
As in that time there came the Puritan!

#### II.

It was in Holland that the Puritan  
A refuge from religious fury saw,  
A shelter from the hate of fellow man,  
A place where still persisted friendly law.  
He sought that land, as sailors cling to rock,  
When scrambling from the waves that strong arm mock.

#### III.

And after, when the breakers truly mock!  
Nature repeating malices of man,  
They sight their future home, at Plymouth Rock,  
And compact sign, to guide the Puritan!  
Who then supremacy of Freedom, Law,  
Morality and Education saw!

THE MAN OF FAITH AND LAW.

IV.

He with prophetic vision further saw,  
Well builded on the sure foundation rock,  
A nation great in knowledge, great in law,  
Growing until the men that jeer and mock,  
Should join in praise of pious Puritan,  
Who shows himself in every sense a man!

V.

In all the varied history of man,  
In all the grace and majesty of law,  
At least one has been seen, the Puritan,  
That God in all his crystal glory saw!  
To put to shame the ones who wish to mock,  
He raised his shrine about the Plymouth Rock.

VI.

Now sonant hymns to holy Plymouth Rock,  
Made sacred by the honest Puritan,  
We sing in unison! Let no one mock  
The most ennobling work of striving man:  
The land that martyrs in their visions saw,  
Where Freedom is upheld by faith and law!

ENVOY.

O Law! whenever rulers laughing, mock  
Thy justice, man will build on Freedom's rock,  
As built the Puritan, the land he saw!!

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### I.

#### ELIZABETH.

Her long and brilliant reign at last was o'er;  
The Tudor maid, Elizabeth, was dead!  
Its great ambitions, by performance fed,  
And all its galaxy of sparkling lore!  
Her fleets were seen on many a distant shore,  
Her land secure from hateful alien tread,  
While she, the Virgin Queen, though never wed,  
A race of bold intrepid scions bore!!

This queen, so wise in ways, so English too,  
Erred in extracting strict obedience  
To form and ritualism in every pew!  
The Puritans, indeed, felt such offense,  
Which hate from later persecution drew,  
As served new dispensation to commence!!

### II.

#### JAMES.

When James his double-dealing reign began,  
He led unwittingly the surest way,  
To new ideas of governmental sway,  
By persecution of the Puritan.  
He wrecked the future of the Stuart clan,  
He drove good men to leave the realm to pray,  
Weak in his peace and weaker in the fray,  
He died despised, a learned but senseless man.

One of the good results of his bad reign,  
Was the perverseness of his policy,  
That caused the Puritans to sail the main,  
In search of homes where they could happy be;  
To leave the comforts of old hearths to gain  
The right to worship and be truly free!!



## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### III.

#### OLD PLYMOUTH TOWN.

From this old port, the home of gallant hearts,  
Went Cockeram of Cabot's hardy score,  
The first to see America's main shore!  
And Admiral Frobisher from Plymouth starts!  
Three Hawkins' harbored here, all men of parts!  
While Francis Drake, who by his sea gods swore  
To sail around the globe, and westward bore,  
Brought here the spoils of many distant marts!!!

And from the Sound went forth to drum and fife,  
The fleet that broke the Armada—glorious year!—  
Whose remnant fled from the one-sided strife!  
Raleigh, the colonizing pioneer,  
Explored uncharted wastes and gave his life  
Towards the first English settlements over here!

### IV.

#### JOHN SMITH.

Of all the venturers from this stirring town,  
None can command our more sincere applause,  
Than Captain John Smith, braving the hungry maws  
Of animals and fierce men, red and brown!  
On rivers deep, and under mountains' frown;  
In tropic heats and polar snows and thaws;  
In barbarous plenty, and where famine gnaws;  
And saved by Pocohontas, when he's down!!

Sailing from Plymouth, Captain Smith one day,  
When beating up the shallows near Cape Cod,  
Discovered and first named our Plymouth Bay,  
And called the land New England. When the sod  
Was due to cover him, as common clay  
Confessed, this hero gave his thanks to God!!!

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### V.

#### THE MAYFLOWER.

The Barbican at Plymouth was o'erstrewn  
With curious persons that had gathered there,  
To bid farewell to the hardy ones that dare  
To brave the stormy seas, to the west, alone!  
For seventy days they fought the foam far flown,  
Arriving at New Plymouth cold and bare,  
And surely caught themselves, resolved to snare  
Their freedom from this waste of woods and stone!

In plain view of the sacred Plymouth Rock,  
They cast their anchor that bleak winter day,  
And while the spuming breakers curl and mock,  
The Pilgrims sought the land in sad array,  
To raise in this new country fearless stock,  
And show the future peoples, Freedom's way!

### VI.

#### THE FIRST WRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

Before they landed children, wives and stuff  
Upon that threatening shingle, forty-one  
Of these heroic pilgrims had begun,  
A solemn compact, while the cold winds sough.  
This compact bound them firm and fast enough,  
To help each other, granting each his run,  
And making each a partner in all done,  
Though happy, bright and smooth! or sad, dark, rough!!

Beginnings of a democratic state!  
This Plymouth compact sheds its beaming light  
On scenes that serve its aims to dedicate!  
Blessed commencement of a wondrous sight:  
A world that ferments of new life await,  
Redeemed from gruesome shades of lingering night!

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### VII.

#### THE FIRST WINTER.

That winter! Oh! that winter long and hard!  
That cut the sorrowing, homesick band in two!  
But proved their faith, when Death his toll withdrew,  
To foil sad Famine and her work retard!  
Toil and Privation joined with these to guard  
The much-tried heroes, and the wilder blew  
The icy northern blasts, the gentler grew  
Their characters, as they their faults discard!!

Suppose that half your neighbors,—and your own!—  
Are gathered by the Reaper in one year!  
While every heart string is so used to moan  
The daily loss of those, most near and dear!!  
Nor could the Pilgrims die without a groan,  
And see their loved interred without a tear!!

### VIII.

#### JOHN CARVER.

Remembered well, for all time shall he be,  
The agent of the Leyden congregation,  
And in beginnings of a brand new nation,  
First Governor of the Plymouth Colony!  
Elected in its new found liberty!  
Then was among the members expectation  
Of better things to come; and much elation  
That they at last would have their conscience free!!

He died! his wife as well! and to the half  
Of them that signed their formal constitution;  
For them there is no praise, no epitaph,  
For such is price of freedom's evolution!  
To them all honor be! true grain, not chaff!  
And may there be of such no diminution!



## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### IX.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, THE PURITAN ELDER.

The spiritual leader of the Plymouth Church,  
A man of wisdom, faith and godliness,  
The special stay and help of all distress,  
Believer in the incorporeal birch,  
Imprisoned first in jail, then hammock's lurch,  
Yet pledged to order, never spiritless,  
He many brought to God, since good Queen Bess,  
And for those in despair made constant search.

The teacher wise, discreet, instructing all,  
Yet laboring in the fields, and eating fish,  
Nothing to drink but water! they famine call.  
But now perceived to be the brain's best dish!  
He came at eighty to celestial hall,  
Where God will give him all his heart can wish!!

### X.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

No pen can write, unless inspired, his worth!  
His work of love and service to his kind!  
Judge and policeman with impartial mind!  
The overseer of husbandry of earth!  
The keeper of the stores, to fend off dearth!  
The master of the laborers assigned!  
'Tis just such junctures that such leaders find,  
Appearing to be sent to us at birth!!

Apostle of service! Priest of rectitude!  
Chief of discretion! wonderful as rare!  
With energy so vast in times so rude,  
No man of history thy fame can share!  
In little colony, so rough and crude!!!  
In nation, marvellous beyond compare!!!

26 1921

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# ARIZONA LYRICS

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No. 2.	MARCH, 1921.	PRICE 50 CENTS.
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ISSUED AT ALTO, ARIZONA, U. S. A., EVERY OTHER MONTH

"I'm lost in wonder, love and praise!"—*Joseph Addison.*

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All by Josiah Bond.

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## GOD'S OWN.

Thou hast been called "The Land that God Forgot,"  
In witless phrase, with solid thought confused;  
Thou hast been sneered at, rated and abused:  
As if thy presence were a smearing blot!  
And yet, dear Arizona, thou hast not  
Neglected the commands of God; hast bruised  
The serpent's head: hast refuged the accused;  
And nursed the sick. And God hath blessed thy lot!

He giveth healing in thy out-of-doors!  
He giveth comfort to all broken hearts!  
He giveth treasure in thy hidden ores!  
Thy deserts must give way to busy marts!  
Thy land needs water that in canyons roars!  
Herein we play as men our various parts!!



PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA.

## THE LODESTONE.

### I.

#### THE LODESTONE.

Who first found out the secret of the stone,  
That gives the needle virtue? Who the first  
To notice that the virtue was inversed  
In turn, and had not lessened but had grown?  
The needle virtued sought the poles alone;  
The traders of Amalfi long were cursed,  
Until they found that on the waste of thirst,  
They still were safe, the steadfast needle known!

Those sailors from Amalfi should be sung  
By troubadors and poets! Long may live  
The memory of their deeds! And wide be flung  
The story of their voyages! Like a sieve  
To sift the brave, who from the water wrung  
A living, and made it help to science give!!

### II.

#### OUR FIRST ELECTRICIAN.

Our earliest diplomat, and yet the best!  
Distinguished for his wisdom and his truth!  
Who signed the Declaration! and in sooth,  
The Constitution too! and all the rest!  
He was the treasured friend and honored guest  
Of great philosophers, and from his youth  
Had served the public! Plain, but not uncouth,  
The man of many parts and constant zest!!

And yet as scientist, his fame is high!  
Employing and improving Leyden jar,  
And bringing electricity from the sky,  
He lays foundations for outreaching far!  
Sieves the stroke! and makes it harmless die!  
Lights the whole street! and brightens the bazaar!!

## THE LODESTONE.

### III.

#### EARLY DISCOVERERS.

The great Coulomb, the father of the art  
Of mathematical electricity!  
With Cavendish, whose wondrous accuracy  
Made him the model of exactness' part!  
Galvani first discovered that the dart  
Of current caused organic energy!  
While Volta with his skilled philosophy,  
Emplaced the science in the eager mart!

These and some others earned our thankful praise,  
Reducing knowledge to a graded plan,  
And leading up to those momentous days,  
When the galvanic industry began!  
Helping with metals, wires, and various rays  
To splendidly advance the cause of man!!

### IV.

#### STABILIZING THE SCIENCE.

The Danish Oersted found his needle turned  
By currents! Followed by the wise Ampere,  
Who noted strong dynamics in the sphere  
Of force exerted by the flow concerned!  
Researches dazzling in that one so burned,  
That he has placed his brand, so brightly clear,  
Upon the science, that while working here,  
We still enroll his name among the learned!

When Ohm, the tireless and the accurate,  
Gave us his forward law of measurements,  
These three together, opened wide the gate  
To scientific thought and diligence!  
Hereafter great inventions dedicate  
Electric art to progress and to sense!



## THE LODESTONE.

### V.

#### THE ELECTRO-MAGNET.

The Frenchman, Arago, in honest search,  
And English Davy, by his steady work,  
Discovered each, that hidden forces lurk  
In the soft steel or iron magnetized on perch!  
No man can their discoveries besmirch;  
Their fundamental reasoning no murk  
Involved: nor was there any seeming quirk  
In leaving other chemists in the lurch!

And when the horse-shoe magnet was devised  
By Sturgeon, and so much intensified  
By our own Henry, science had the prized  
Knowledge of magnets as a certain guide,  
To future generations then demised!  
Then industry could take a forward stride!!

### VI.

#### MICHAEL FARADAY.

A genius by his perseverance led  
The way to great advances in the field  
Of generators, which were made to yield  
Electric currents from mechanical head!  
And by rotation, these in turn were bred  
To power again; and so was found to shield  
Tremendous forces, waiting men to wield,  
As one or other was reversed instead!!

For many years he worked to better ways  
Of doing simply, these quite simple things!  
And others builded on his basal frays!  
While each experiment fruition brings,  
Until a thousand betterments breed days,  
When earth, reharnessed, with new action rings!!

## THE LODESTONE.

### VII.

#### MORSE AND THE TELEGRAPH.

This ever constant mind, that conquered space  
By concentrated work, and careful thought,  
To aid which he a lively fancy brought,  
Lifts all his fellows to a higher place,  
Enthroning reason on a firmer base!  
The instantaneous wire! which man had sought,  
Expressed in his tense phrase: "What God hath wrought,"  
Is suffered to be learned by crowning grace!!

A little current on a little wire!  
The dots and dashes of a fertile brain!  
Replace the ancient method with a fire,  
Flashed from the mountains bright across the plain!  
Carrying the latest news, of love or ire,  
With faintest humming of the wire's refrain!!!

### VIII.

#### EZRA CORNELL.

To him belongs the name of engineer!  
The first electrical authority,  
Distinguished for his real efficiency;  
Who scented not defeat, nor any fear!  
And he indeed it was, the volunteer,  
Who saved the day, when the mental industry  
Of Morse was rescued by the energy  
Of this creative soul, with vision clear!

He had the greatest faith in future needs,  
And kept an interest in all the wires,  
Which gave him wealth beyond his time to count!  
He hoped that others would perform like deeds,  
Endowed a school to keep alive the fires  
Of science, making it ripe wisdom's fount!!

## THE LODESTONE.

### IX.

STEPHEN VAIL.

Inventors in their need, have not the luck  
To have their thoughts mechanically expressed,  
As perfectly as those who once possessed  
The services of this great genius of the chuck!  
The telegraph would come from out the muck  
By some mechanic's help, but he addressed  
To it, his giant brain, and stands confessed  
The heart of energy, the soul of pluck!!

Maker of instruments so delicate,  
That all must stand amazed! and yet so true,  
That feeblest currents make their presence known!  
Without him, no one knows at what far date,  
Accomplishment would come; and as his due,  
It must be said: his work stood out alone!!!

### X.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

"A patient waiter is no loser," said  
The cablegram that first passed on the wire,  
Laid in the ocean ooze, for later hire;  
On Telegraph Plateau, the sunken bed,  
That from America to Europe led:  
On which the merchants' letters by the quire,  
Forwarded promptly, with no sign of tire,  
The failing streams of foreign commerce fed!

Remarkable achievement of the age!!  
It brought the great wide world to one complete  
Harmonious whole, and writing on life's page,  
A man's heroic mould and glorious feat!!!  
Enabling men remote to others gauge,  
And all antipodes to daily greet!!



## THE LODESTONE.

### XI.

CHARLES GOODYEAR.

Before his time all rubber goods were poor;  
In winter getting brittle and quite hard:  
In summer running off like so much lard;  
And oh! its odor surely was no lure!  
He rescued it, on its long ocean tour;  
He tried a thousand schemes to make it guard  
Man's meritorious works: and now a bard  
Is come to celebrate his finding sure!

So when you want to take an auto ride!  
Your friends in rain-proof overcoat surprise!  
In rubber boots through wet morasses stride!  
Or hundred other things in rubber guise:  
To this inventor all your praise confide,  
Who taught us moderns how to vulcanize!!!

### XII.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

This genius speaking with a multiple tongue,  
Has given a life of service to his kind!  
Using the powers of his amazing mind,  
To aid the people that he lived among!!  
The incandescent light to keep us young!  
The matchless use of wires that nations bind!  
The poured cement, that we may shelter find!  
The phonograph, to keep old songs new sung!!!  
  
For every honest cause he lifts his hand!  
In dangerous research, works like a slave!  
Each bold experiment investigates!  
Making for other men, a better land!!  
And this the slogan that he always gave:  
All comes to him, who hustles while he waits!!

## THE LODESTONE.

### XIII.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

How fortunate to be in no ways tired  
With thoughts of newer things! To have a mind,  
That room for betterment can always find!  
And in his youth to be with genius fired!  
Not satisfied, till all has been inquired,  
Has been assorted, and its place assigned!  
Moreover blest in those close ties that bind  
To lovely mate, who all his feats inspired!!

By talents thus endowed, the telephone  
Was brought to perfect state! The sheltered cloice,  
The crowded salesrooms in the market zone,  
The haunts of lowly men and ladies choice,  
The closets of the mighty and the lone,  
Reëcho from its depths, mysterious voice!!

JAMES DOUGLAS.

The fairies came with gifts at this man's birth:  
Adventurous spirit! character! they brought:  
Integrity! and courage! always sought,  
Capacity for work, for play, for mirth!  
But far above all other things on earth,  
Imagination! gift of all most fraught;  
By which the mind constructs elusive thought,  
And later builds it into thing of worth.

And whether dealing with alchemic change!  
With medical research, or copper ore!  
His fertile mind avoided nothing strange;  
And ever willing too, to share his lore!  
In city mart, or on the metalled range,  
As years go by, we'll miss him more and more!!

# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. 3.

MAY, 1921.

PRICE  
50 CENTS.

ISSUED AT ALTO, ARIZONA, U. S. A., EVERY OTHER MONTH

"Nobleness walks in our ways again."—*Rupert Brooke.*

## CONTENTS.

TO OUR NEW ARMY, and other Sonnets inspired by the war,  
by Josiah Bond.

*Dedicated to all bereaved parents.*

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TO OUR NEW ARMY.

1917.

Ye lucky chosen ones, selected now  
To serve your country in her sorest need!  
We wish you with our weeping hearts, Godspeed!!  
And whether from the desk, or drill, or plow,  
Or picked by chance, or sent by solemn vow,  
Ye are the choicest fruit of Freedom's seed!  
Upholding right with free men's sturdy creed!!  
Ye bear our dedication on each brow!!!

When ye come home again, your task fulfilled,  
A thankful land will gratefully rejoice,  
And happy hearts, with exultation thrilled,  
Will welcome you with loud triumphant voice;  
Should any fall! for so God may have willed,  
How great shall be the honor of their choice!!

## THEIR HERITAGE.

Strong, brainy lads! The fruit of living clean,  
Led by their fathers, who bequeathed to them  
Straight-thinking minds in healthy bodies, gem  
Of all inheritances! Now they glean  
The crop of virtues from the farmsteads lean,  
That line New England with their rocky hem!  
From central hills, that manors diadem!  
And from the southernmost plantations green!

Yes! Give the boys, the hearty praise that's due!  
Who got us victory over cruel foe,  
And brought him to his knees to humbly sue;  
But let us not forget from whom they grow  
To such a manhood! How the fathers hew  
The tools! and seed of coming virtues sow!!

## SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK.

A youthful sergeant from far Tennessee,  
Through the black forest of Argonne was sent,  
To silence German guns on ruin bent;  
He found himself alone against a company,  
But had no mind to save himself and flee:  
A superhuman power to him was lent;  
He killed a score, and captured more, so went  
Unscathed to glory of a high degree!

Returning to his mother in the woods,  
Where he had learned to shoot and know no fear,  
He was acclaimed by all the neighborhoods  
As conquering hero, and as warrior clear.  
York was the man to send to get the goods!  
Delivering them with simple honest cheer!!



## FRANK LUKE, JR.

An Arizona boy! from arid glare  
Of Gila desert to an army base  
In rain-drenched France, he took his cheerful face,  
And made the flying plane his daily care!  
The fighting eagle of the upper air!  
The brave American, the glorious ace!  
Who showed his adversaries rapid pace,  
And went with glee, where some would hardly dare!

He gave his life, that we might always feel  
The air of freedom murmuring round our ears,  
And never bow to superman of steel!  
Laying aside our torments and our fears;  
We must in grateful thanks to God, now kneel!  
And bathe his memory with our heartfelt tears!!

## GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

O wise old man! thy burning eloquence  
Has oft resounded on Montmartre's heights,  
And roused the people to their natural rights,  
Poured forth in words of counsel and good sense.  
Consistent dweller in the republic's tents,  
Thou ever wert the sponsor for the lights  
Of civilized procedure; history writes  
Thee down, the friend of law and diligence!

O Tiger! wisdom clings to thee with age!  
And in thy country's sad, despairing hour,  
How fortunate was she, in heritage,  
To have at hand thy eager mind, a tower  
Of strength to rouse thy folk with righteous rage!  
To make of character, victorious power!!

## JOHN DUER IRVING.

In a Wisconsin town, this boy was born,  
A fruiting of American beliefs!  
Inheriting our learning's priceless fiefs:  
From father, should have bars of velvet worn;  
From mother, whom the graces all adorn.  
His boyhood had its share of joys and griefs,  
His manhood brought important briefs,  
And right to counsel for the future morn!

He mastered structure and replacement forms;  
A noble record by his patience and his truth,  
He built for practical geology!  
He labored always 'gainst the future storms,  
He nurtured highest purposes in youth,  
And over there, he died for liberty!!

## IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

Performer and composer both thou art,  
Upon that tuneful instrument of wire,  
The modern aspect of the ancient lyre,  
And music makest thou, to pierce the heart  
Of hardest flint, with thy celestial dart;  
To heat the coldest soul with heavenly fire;  
To raise the lowliest from this earthly mire;  
And do with ardor thy transcendent part!

And now thou playest on living, human strings!  
From many a journey on some far-off strand,  
Thou bring'st thy skill to break the iron rings,  
That long enslaved thy poor divided land!  
Redeeming it from waste and scourge of kings,  
To vibrate under thy melodious hand!!!

## CAPTAIN JOHN QUINTON LYMAN.

And there were those restrained, who longed to go  
And fight in war-torn France; and thought no doubt,  
Themselves the more abused, and ill cut out  
Of glorious part in that transcendent show!  
Their worthiest usefulness they could not know;  
Nor how they shamed a few, who wished to pout:  
Put courage in the ranks; and made devout  
By constant sacrifice, they larger grow!!

So lad, a manly part, as ordered here,  
You filled, though you were barred from over-seas!  
Obeying all commands with ready cheer!  
Instructing others in the mysteries  
Of big gun practice, and such war-like gear,  
Till autocrat was brought upon his knees!!

## THE CZECHO-SLOVAK MARCH.

Among heroic deeds, deserving arch,  
Remembered long, where brave acts are retold,  
There stands alone the story of the bold  
Dramatic, overland Bohemian march!  
While threatens death, and thirst and hunger parch,  
Their long, long way, they still undaunted hold,  
Through hostile cities, barren steppes and cold,  
Through countless versts of marsh and tangled larch!

Bare-handed they were forced to meet the foe!  
Deprived of arms, they had to seize again!  
By love of liberty and manhood fired!!  
Bohemia gained her independence so;  
They proved their certain right to be called men!  
By all the gaping world, praised and admired.



FRANK WYCKOFF McCULLOUGH.

A lovely lady in her garden paced:  
Where crimson roses bloomed in every stage,  
From tiny buds to those all white with age!  
At length she one most gorgeous rosebush faced;  
She plucked a rose, and in her corsage placed:  
She wanted no old withered rose for wage,  
Desired no swelling bud in leafy cage,  
She took the reddest that the garden graced!!

Just so our guardian angel, Liberty,  
Demands the best of all her gallant sons!  
Nor men past action, nor the fledgeling wee;  
But only supple lads, the perfect ones!  
To keep the world forever kindly free,  
And save it from the greed of savage Huns!!

GABRIELLE D'ANNUNZIO.

The Adriatic rolls from sandy dune,  
Along Venetian bars, to rock-bound coast,  
Where venerable remains keep Caesars' boast;  
Which Italy held at its imperial noon.  
Shall Latin stock that looks to crescent moon,  
Be still by alien ruled, while Roman host  
Has brought once more their culture uppermost?  
While wakes these hills anew victorious tune?

Not so God wills his ways! nor does He leave  
His faithful ministers to such a fate!  
O thou! who dost His high command receive,  
Prophet and warrior poet, Virgil's mate!  
Let God His own divine contrivings weave;  
Whilst thou, dear patriot, must His pleasure wait!!

## MORGAN McDERMOTT.

He would have made an engineer of worth,  
And builded structures, reaching to the sky,  
Or searched for mineral veins in mountains high,  
And taken long-stored treasure from the earth.  
He would have charmed all by his catching mirth,  
Become a citizen for whom times cry;  
He might for us have made the law's supply,  
And led the state, as promised by his birth!

But he did vastly more! He proved by test,  
The stuff of which our soldier boys were made.  
Led by the angel of the Lord, and blest  
By choice for God's own accolade,  
He reached the height of faith, and going west,  
The last great measure of devotion paid!!!

## MAJOR AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER.

When all were sore confounded by the din  
Of cannonading and the ceaseless jar  
Which rocked the earth; when the ambitious star  
Of empire westward tried its way to win:  
When treaties scraps became, and morals thin,  
And disregard of rights was regular;  
When profiteers thought only of the bar  
That Mars might raise to their relentless sin!!

Then he alone with ever sentient brain,  
Saw underneath the pretense and the guilt,  
To realize that free men must entrain!  
He hoped to see his country seize the hilt;  
He touched the chord of Liberty's refrain:  
In true American mould had he been built!!

## NOTES.

SERGEANT YORK was declared by Marshal Foch to be the bravest man in the allied armies.

LIEUTENANT LUKE brought down 18 enemy balloons in 17 days; on the day of his death he destroyed two, and killed six German soldiers of a force that was trying to capture him, when he fell behind their lines, and finally died valiantly fighting to the last. The Congressional Medal was awarded in his honor. His remarkable record will always stand as an object of emulation among our aviators, as one of the solemn traditions of the service. He enlisted from Phoenix, Arizona.

CAPTAIN IRVING of the 111th Engineers died in the line of duty in France, July 29, 1918. He had served with credit in the U. S. Geological Survey, and occupied the chair of Economic Geology at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. He was the author of a masterly paper on "Replacement Ore Bodies," and was an authority on kindred subjects. As the first editor of *Economic Geology*, he brought that magazine to a distinctive position in the scientific world. One of the heavy penalties we paid for democracy.

CAPTAIN LYMAN was an instructor in Artillery from our entrance into the great conflict, enlisting from Kenosha, Wisconsin, of a long line of militant Americans.

PRIVATE McCULLOUGH was a freshman at Cornell, when we entered the war, but promptly enlisted, going at once to France, where he served in the Heavy Artillery. He was killed while cleaning up a captured German dug-out, by a seven-inch shell from a near-by gun. His body lies buried at Varennes, France, but his soul goes marching on, like that of his grandfather, who was a distinguished Civil War veteran.

LIEUTENANT McDERMOTT left the University of Arizona, enlisting from Tucson in the 7th Engineers, and served with distinction in France, being awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism in action, October 20, 1918, where he received the wound of which he died. His body rests near Verdun.



# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. 4.

JULY, 1921.

PRICE  
50 CENTS.

ISSUED AT ALTO, ARIZONA, U. S. A., EVERY OTHER MONTH

“Various as human life.”—*Samuel Rogers.*

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By Josiah Bond.

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## THE MUSIC OF THE DRILLS.

### I.

How I love to hear the rumbling of the drills,  
Of the drills!

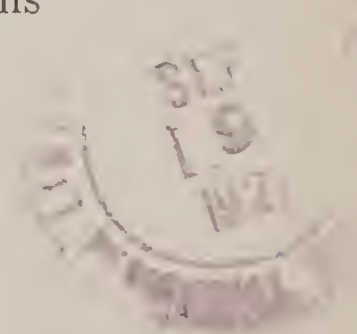
My heart with all-pervading pleasure fills,  
When I feel the steel rebounding,  
After striking home and grounding,  
And I listen to the pounding,  
Of the drills!

### II.

Breathing quick and hard, the iron-plated gills  
Of the drills!

Inhale the air to penetrate the hills;  
Cutting out a fancy socket,  
For the powder that like rocket,  
Will explode from narrow pocket,  
Of the drills!

PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA.



## THE MUSIC OF THE DRILLS.

### III.

Though we hurry and speed up the pecking bills  
Of the drills!  
To get the needed tonnage for the mills,  
Yet we look on them with wonder,  
As they tear the rock asunder,  
To the roaring and the thunder,  
Of the drills!

### IV.

May I always live among the broken spills  
Of the drills!  
And may they help to cure all miners' ills!  
For of all the mighty tonics,  
There is nothing like the phonics,  
Sweet and resonant harmonics,  
Of the drills!

### V.

While we daily dig and burrow for the prills  
Of the drills!  
As labor we, and work with all our wills,  
Then the drifts give out the grumble,  
Now a clamor, now a mumble,  
Till we grow to love the rumble,  
Of the drills!

### RIDDLE ME.

Though buried deep in sandy mould,  
I am endowed with means of sight;  
And as the ground is dark and cold,  
I struggle toward the light.

Yet when I'm brought to upper air,  
My eyes see nothing, while all men,  
Are worried by my vacant stare,  
And bury me again!

AUGUSTINE TO MARY BALL WASHINGTON,  
THE ROSE OF EPPING FOREST.

My rose of wilder woodlands, sweetest rose!  
I love thy comeliness and dainty charm,  
Upon thy artless will I would impose  
My guidance to protect thee from all harm!  
The sweetest girl in the Old Dominion,  
As free as bird on humming pinion,  
Who hovers over fragrant flower;  
As soft thy dewey lip,  
And sweet as is the sip  
Of honey in its odorous bower!  
My heart is wholly in thy keeping,  
The best I can concede, thou'rt reaping,  
And as we float along Time's flood so broad,  
And send out now and then a hostage dove,  
I'll ever render thanks to gracious God,  
Because He lends me such a pledge of love!!

THE HATE THAT BURNETH, 1914.

Just now in Europe's monumental strife,  
'Tis not the cannon that disaster brings;  
'Tis not the shrapnel that confusion flings:  
'Tis not the ball alone that forfeits life!  
The soul of man with murder's lusting rife,  
Stirred up by machinations of the kings,  
To all mankind the song of hatred sings;  
And slaughters to the sound of drum and fife!  
By that which cometh out of bitter mouth,  
From angry soul, and not that entereth,  
Is man defiled! As withering winds from the south,  
Which bring the temporary furnace breath,  
Are not so dangerous as the gradual drouth  
That leaves behind the inward-piercing death!

## WASHINGTON'S YOUTHFUL WISH.

Oh! for a life outside the rolling bars!  
For king and country fighting evermore!  
Where honor perches on each vessel's spars,  
And victory is plucked from cannon's roar!  
With ships of line at enemy pounding,  
The seventy-fours with guns resounding,  
And dipping with the ocean's curve,  
The gun deck all awash;  
The gunners water swash,  
While they on foe the cannon serve.  
This is the life for a boy of spirit,  
And nothing on the land comes near it.  
Then ho! for a merry life as midshipman!  
I want to go and fight for George the King,  
To serve the guns, to gather ocean tan,  
To cruise about the seas with sails awing!!

## THE HORSE.

Thou carriedst grand commanders in the fray:  
Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander great,  
Who typify the monarchs consecrate,  
Thyself the king of beasts, a monarch gay!  
Thou carriedst the leaders of the people's day:  
Old Ironsides, The First in War, whom fate  
Raised up to free their lands, and Grant their mate,  
Who freed the slave! For these all free men pray!  
  
In humbler sphere thou dragst the plow,  
Preparing fertile soil for strengthening crops;  
Thy service with the pack, with wagon now,  
And with the tasks of burden, never stops!  
Yet in these homelike jobs, all wise men vow,  
That thou supportest man's most useful props!



## THE REDEMPTIONERS OF VIRGINIA.

Oh! who would be a slug and drowse at home?

Oh! who would stay where hope of change is slight?

Far better through the colonies to roam,

And be a blacksmith or a wooden wight.

Redemptioners are often rented,

And many trials have the indented,

But years pass by like angry words,

And all at once you know,

That you are free to go,

And mingle with the migrant birds!

Your time is up, and fortune offers

A thousand ways to fill your coffers!

Make way for me, a free redemptioner!

My time is up! I'll get me many a slave,

A small plantation, a smart and tidy her,

I'll raise tobacco, and the money save!

## THE TYPE OF COURAGE.

Brave Joshua! the courageous son of Nun!

Appointed of the Lord to lead thy race,

Because in time of peril, thou dost face

The danger, planning future to be won!

And thou perceivest all that must be done!

Endowed with strength, with virtue and with grace,

Enabling thee to battle for thy place,

And when the strife is past, enjoy the sun!

And ever in this world will this be found:

That he who grasps the nettle with all force,

Will not be stung; refusing to be bound,

Who breaks his chains, will never feel remorse:

The man without base fears, with luck is crowned,

Like Joshua, standing by swift Jordan's course!

## THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

Oh! Valley of Virginia, stretching down  
The ever-rippling Shenandoah creeks!  
Whose lime-strewn meadows are the precious crown  
Of this sweet land, ensavored by old licks!  
With walnuts growing on the mountains,  
With butternuts o'er screening fountains,  
With hickories in the sleeping glade;  
With spreading oaks I love,  
Pines dominant above,  
And monster poplars' quaking shade.  
The locusts in the spring so fragrant,  
The maples in the fall so fragrant,  
All, All! is here to show old Nature's might!  
To point us to the future garden plot,  
And our robust endeavors to incite!  
Oh! Valley of Virginia! heaven sent spot!!

## THE OPEN FIRE.

The open hearth in wide-mouthed eagerness,  
Accepts the rough, uncertain lengths of wood,  
Devours them as an animal his food;  
And gives in turn, the cheerful heat's impress,  
That brings contentment to the poorest mess;  
It challenges the most unpleasant mood,  
And drives away the cares that seek to intrude,  
In sweetest moments that our hearts possess!  
Then give thy clearest, brightest flames, O Fire!  
And spread about thy vivifying heat,  
And by thy brightness, lurking shadows ban!  
That thou mayst works of cheerfulness inspire;  
Mayst gayly tempered thoughts in gladness greet:  
And ever rouse the best of all in man!!

## THE UNION.

The Roman father showed his boys the sticks,  
Which one by one, they gently snapped in twain;  
But when he bundled them, they had no tricks,  
For breaking them, though long they tried in vain!  
Divide them, breaking was no trouble,  
Unite them, and their strength was double!  
'Tis thus with families and states:  
By itself each one is weak;  
Together, one must seek  
The help of Furies and of Fates,  
To make impress on them united,  
With full faith to each other plighted!  
Oh! Union! strength and vigor dost thou give;  
Ability to ward off danger near:  
With right in liberty, and content to live,  
O Union! sound thy tocsin, ever clear!!

## POLAND.

O Poland! long the sport of ruthless kings!  
With aching eyes, thy ills we contemplate;  
Thy merciless and unrelenting fate:  
Thou mate of sorrow and of fortune's stings!  
Thou savedst Europe from the Turkish slings,  
A shield for Christian hearts! and then too late  
Thine own was pierced by darts of jealous hate!  
Thy end! that treachery to honor brings!!  
  
Sobieski, called to soundly whip the Turk!  
Next Kosciusko, who for freedom died!  
Now Paderewski, with both gold and work!  
May it please God, their labors will betide  
To raise their country from oppression's murk,  
And bring thee, Poland! blessings to abide!!

## THE MARVELS OF ARIZONA.

### I.

The tarantula and vinagaron,  
Matasiete, scorpion,  
The centipede so queerly grown,  
All crawl in Arizona!

### II.

The Gila Monster, venting spleen,  
The campomoche, slick and green,  
The hydrophobia skunk, so mean,  
All kill in Arizona!

### III.

The horned toads and the rattlesnakes,  
Cactus spikes and pointed stakes,  
The plains and the imagined lakes,  
All bed in Arizona!

### IV.

Sahuaro, datil and mescal,  
The ocotillo, chaparral,  
Sotol, viznaga and nopal,  
All grow in Arizona!

### V.

The enchiladas, night and morn,  
Tortillas poured from plenty's horn,  
Tomales made of meat and corn,  
All cloy in Arizona!

### VI.

The olden houses built of mud,  
Plains steeped in prehistoric blood,  
Now garbed with blossom and with bud,  
All merge in Arizona!!



OCT -4 1921

# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. 5.

SEPTEMBER, 1921.

PRICE  
50 CENTS

ISSUED AT ALTO, ARIZONA, U. S. A., EVERY OTHER MONTH.

"Lives of great men, all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime!"

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## CONTENTS.

THE GREAT DEMOCRAT and other sonnets commemorating various characteristics of our countrymen, by Josiah Bond.

Inscribed to the youth of the United States.

Copyright, 1921, by Josiah Bond.

## THE GREAT DEMOCRAT.

NOVEMBER, 1918.

There is a providence that interferes  
Whenever peace and justice are destroyed;  
Or kings with glut of reckless power are cloyed:  
Our God at all such times the murmuring hears!  
Democracy may lay aside its fears,  
Relying on its ranks to fill the void  
Old autocrats have made; minds unalloyed  
Who stem its wild stampedes and brave its jeers!

We see just now the end of long arrayed  
Imperial designs upon the earth!  
Like a great miracle the world is made  
Safe of democracy, throughout its girth!  
One only leader, proud and unafraid,  
Now typifies the soul that gave it birth!!



## THE MARTYR.

Admirable man! this day we come to thee,  
    Bearing commemorative wreaths of flowers,  
    Regarding thee, as who sublimely towers,  
And like a giant, guards our liberty!  
How sad that life doth end in tragedy;  
    As thou, whom deathless fame embowers,  
    Made glorious art, by fate that overpowers,  
Like man-of-war, o'erwhelmed in stormy sea!!

Insatiable the fate that ends thy days!  
    Naked thy spirit, like a babe, new-born!  
    Clothed in the virtues of a gentle heart!  
Old Chronos takes thee, though the whole age prays,  
    Leaving thy memory to this world forlorn!  
    No one could better do his honest part!!

## THOMAS LINCOLN.

A single-minded man, and one elate!  
    Who would not hurt or worry any bug,  
    Nor smallest insect in the family rug,  
And yet in face of danger obstinate!  
A man of good stout heart, and advocate  
    Of truth and virtue, from the forests dug,  
    Who meant convictions, once possessed, to hug!  
Was father of the man we venerate!

The son inherited his kindly soul,  
    And took from him determined loyalty,  
    That showed them both to be in truth akin!  
The way the son performed his trying role,  
    In trying days! should teach us now to see,  
    What must the father in his time have been!!

## ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Great soldier he, who brought the nation's flag  
Through troublous times of brothers fighting kin,  
When all the greedy world was butting in,  
Trying to tear our banner to a rag!  
This man of quick decision did not drag  
A lifeless war along; and in war's din,  
Never once thought of ways to save his skin,  
But only to prevent the devil's lag!

Though fighting like a man, master of war,  
With unconditional surrender, aim  
Of all his tactics! ready strife to cease  
When ends were gained, that he was fighting for!  
And all the world was quick to give acclaim,  
When he entreated: "Let us now have peace!"

## HIS ENEMIES ARE HIS GLORY.

The fighting Roosevelt, seeing things so straight!  
Giving his voice! his acts! his very sons!  
To shame the slackers and confound the Huns,  
Shall always have our praise, supremely great!  
But other sorts, by Kaiser lured to prate;  
Playing their craven game, far from the guns:  
And making doubters out of weak-kneed ones;  
Are marked forever for our scorn and hate!

In all the tragedy of this world strife,  
With outrages and sorrows multiplied,  
To show the curious aspects of our life,  
One thing there was, at least, with funny side:  
This was, when those, with coarse assurance rife,  
Called Roosevelt traitor, who on duty died!!

## JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

A friend is gone!! by earth no longer pent!  
Who cheered all arts, and gave them tone,  
And urged the sportsmen to cut out the drone;  
Who reached out to the darkest continent,  
And followed deep-hulled ships, where'er they went;  
Who patronized the wireless and the phone,  
And fathered aeroplanes, almost alone;  
Whose daily visits filled me with content!

He knew me not, but he communed with me  
Through many years, and by the printed word,  
He led me in the path of liberty,  
And taught me from events as they occurred;  
And MASTER, gave the press its modern trend!  
No wonder that I mourn him as my friend!!

## JOHN COIT SPOONER.

This man became, though small in nature's growth,  
Wisconsin's greatest pride and honored son;  
The leader of a state by him made one,  
The moulder of its thought and practise both!  
To take a patriot's part not slow nor loth,  
When he the Panama Canal begun!  
With measures of maturest judgment done,  
In all his public life he kept his troth!

To him no virile talent was denied!  
The statesman! meeting every crucial test!  
Respected by his country, far and wide!!  
The man! his trust in all that's pure confest,  
Beloved for gentleness he could not hide,  
With faithful friendships was supremely blest!!!

## HE GAINED AND HE GAVE.

Above all others we the more admire  
Noble upworkers from a humble place;  
Delivering themselves from want's embrace,  
Rising by work or brain above their sire;  
Endowed by struggles and enriched by fire,  
Who does it by the sweating of his face,  
Carries his own reward in simple grace,  
A subject fit for Sappho's tuneful lyre !!

Real Master of Men! to highest stature grown,  
Nursed by ambitions and ideals high:  
Ever successful, thou the world hast known!  
Giver of gifts! all men thy bounties cry!  
In death at last, thy wealth thou didst not own!  
Enter thy rest! disgraced thou couldst not die!!

## OLE BULL.

Whence comes the music to entrance our hearts?  
The viol may much discord still remand,  
When held by tyro's inexperienced hand;  
The bow may waver, that the measure starts,  
And inharmonious, pierce to waiting marts!  
But yet when lighted by a lyric brand  
From tuneful soul, may give the rhythm grand,  
That to our senses ecstasy imparts!!

And now there comes the master of the bow!  
With skill, creating music from the strings,  
From which the liquid melodies out-flow,  
Now loud and militant, now sweet and low!  
Until our souls are stirred to nobler things,  
And life awakened, fast to virtue clings!!



## HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Many years he wrote with least commotion,  
To enlarge the scope of man's designing,  
Earthly subjects warming and refining,  
Adding to them some surprising notion,  
And by using poets' magic potion,  
Gave to common things a radiant lining,  
Thus ennobling them, and far outshining  
Nature, in spontaneous devotion!!

Never criticizing nor complaining,  
Always cheerful, ready with his labor,  
With his counsel and his entertaining,  
Hating nothing but the gun and saber,  
Lived he noblest poem, not disdaining  
Duty: to his God and to his neighbor!!

## GENERAL JOHN PERSHING.

This gallant warrior, chosen by the fates  
To punish arrogance, establish right,  
Create a fair respect for decent states,  
Is back at home again to our delight!  
Though much restrained by politics, he taught  
Our southern neighbor to be somewhat wiser;  
But left alone, he with such courage fought,  
That he soon managed to unseat the Kaiser!

Beloved by all Americans! Good Scout!  
Receive the hearty plaudits of your friends!  
Let all with one accord, raise shout on shout,  
As through the land triumphal way he wends!  
Together every man! Hip, hip, hurrah!!  
The peerless General, without a flaw!

TO THE MASTER:  
CHARLES R. VAN HISE.

Instructing us in the waters' downward flow,  
The elements of metasomatism,  
The mighty influence of volcanism,  
He taught us what had happened down below!  
And when he came the ancient rocks to know,  
He yearned to teach, though scorning methodism,  
And strove, without a trace of cynicism,  
To class the changes in earth's plastic dough.

Unceasing labors and his brilliant mind  
Have shown by many a change, with which we cope,  
That change must come to each in lawful kind!  
And may the scenes through which he now must grope.  
The metamorphism that he now will find,  
Convince his soul, that change is part of Hope!

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

As student, statistician, lecturer,  
As counsel, story-teller, novelist,  
Hopeful at all times, never pessimist,  
He was the miner's joyous gospeller!  
And more, historian and editor;  
A Father of the Institute, whose grist  
He watched so many years: a scientist  
Of many parts, and happy listener!

To join the many friends of whom he wrote  
Biographies, and whom he served as guide,  
The loyal friend, whom we shall often quote,  
Has crossed, alas! beyond the Great Divide!  
The kindly heart, we in his writings note,  
Though he has passed, with us will still abide!!

## ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY.

DISCOVERED NORTH POLE, APRIL 6, 1909.

To prove the genius of intelligence,  
Reward of fore-sight and consistent thought!  
Needs but the story of the service wrought  
By his determination and good sense!  
He voyaged eight times to the Arctic hence!  
Loved by the Eskimos whom he had taught!  
He made the perfect sledge that they had sought!  
And learned the plans of polar providence!!

His loved republic's flag he proudly bore!  
The pole sun shimmered on courageous soul  
In triumph over space! Far from the shore,  
Where icy wastes exact their constant toll,  
And Boreas, the north wind, was no more,  
There, Peary stood, at last upon the Pole!!

FEBRUARY 22, 1919.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Inspired by fine example of the man,  
Upon whose natal day, he too was born,  
He stood for freedom for all nature lorn,  
And in the fight was always in the van.  
We now can see that he, in truth, began,  
In love of man and hate of slavery sworn,  
To fight for liberties from black man shorn,  
And kindred evils that the world o'er-ran.

Therefore to him, this day we bow the knee;  
The man of letters, foremost of his day,  
Philosopher and poet of the free!  
And whether prose or poetry his gray  
Did occupy, he wrote the freedman's plea,  
And helped to cast his shackles far away!!

NOV 28 1921

# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. 6.

NOVEMBER, 1921.

PRICE  
50 CENTS

ISSUED AT ALTO, ARIZONA, U. S. A., EVERY OTHER MONTH.

✓ "Who humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod."

—William H. Carruth.

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## CONTENTS.

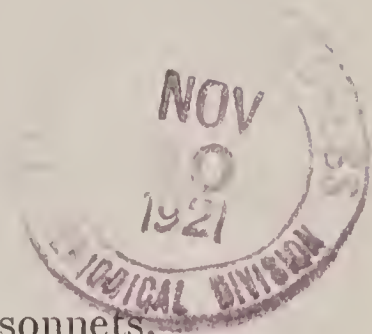
THOSE WHO CAN NOT MARCH, and other sonnets.  
PREPAREDNESS, with a moral,  
OF THEE I THINK, a villanelle,  
SIGNS, triolets.

All by Josiah Bond.

### THOSE WHO CAN NOT MARCH.

The boys, who gave their lives in war-torn France,  
And under fresh grass, pass their dreamless sleep,  
While numbered stones in rank their vigil keep,  
So worthy of our hopes, their fame enhance!!  
The favored ones, returning fit to dance,  
Unhurt by shock or shell, or waters deep,  
The plaudits of a thankful people reap;  
The shouting, the hurrah, the grateful glance!!

But those, who maimed or blind or wounded come:  
To them we bow in infinite regret!  
However loudly sound the fife and drum,  
They can not march! yet neither mourn nor fret!  
The country honor owes these venturesome  
Unlucky men! So pay! Do not forget!!





## THE LOST BATTALION.

The Forest lay so cool, the fight was hot,  
The shade was deep, except for gun-fire light;  
Alike were purple day and violet night,  
When Whittlesey was lost in Argonne plot!  
Without his comforts and without his shot,  
When ordered to give up, he made quick fight,  
And never sensed his unsupported plight;  
For fear he could not feel, and fright was not!!

O me! that we had many more like him!  
To whom the Kaiser's guards were but a sham!  
He pushed the foe's front line by charges grim,  
Objectives reached, and dug in like a clam!  
He fought with bravery and heroic vim,  
And into glory, through war's billows swam!!

## CHATEAU THIERRY.

Built for a tottering king in olden days,  
It lies along the Marne! on it we dote,  
For here wise La Fontaine his fables wrote!  
And now it marks the turning of the ways!  
Fair as a ribbon in the sun's last rays,  
Historic Marne! upon thy waters float  
The faith of all, who have the right to vote!  
The hope of earth is anchored in thy clays!!

Where naught of beauty's armor's out of joint,  
Amid thy cultural and epic scenes,  
Of this and other wars the turning point!  
And here the heroes of our own Marines  
Have fought full well! and them we must anoint  
From Freedom's cruet, singing joyful paeans!!

## PREPAREDNESS.

### I.

We lived in Arizona many years,  
And stood the thousand trials sent;  
We bore our numerous burdens, shed our tears,  
In action full our leisure spent;  
The years went lightly o'er our silvering heads,  
Enjoying heartening fare and pleasant beds!

### II.

'Tis true that certain dangers here betide,  
Not known just now on older shore;  
Each formerly packed a pistol at his side,  
And rifle kept behind the door:  
But all this disappeared with frontier stage,  
And gory tales are noted—but for age!

### III.

But whether our forlorn and distant life,  
Affrights the wandering city chaps;  
Or tales of streaming gore and frontier strife  
Prepare their minds for hasty scraps:  
Suffice to say that here begins each one  
To carry side arms or to tote a gun!

### IV.

When finally a visitor named Fent  
Came out well armed alone from town,  
And by a sad and grievous accident,  
Sore wounded little Sadie Brown!  
We saw that men provoke a ruthless fate,  
By the way they handle arms in sober state!

## PREPAREDNESS.

### V.

So after this we kept a record plain,  
As each one's actions point him out;  
And found some unexpected laws ordain,  
And foolish gun-work marks the lout.  
Not here considering gentlemen polite,  
Who do not carry guns in senseless fright.

### VI.

Now there was Charley Kennebec from Maine,  
He brought his hammerless from there;  
He had not learned to buckle on in vain,  
And drew as fast as any dare.  
At home he hunted deer and noble game,  
But here he was afraid of our bad name!

### VII.

And Peter Stuyvesant from big New York,  
Who never handled gun before,  
But got it from a three-ball man from Cork,  
To guard him in this land of gore.  
You saw at once he shielded well his loin,  
Whene'er his pistol jabbed him in the groin.

### VIII.

And William Penn from wealthy Keystone land,  
Came loaded down for killing bear;  
With rifle and with gun case in his hand,  
He looked a backwoods hunter rare:  
But that the rifle waving to and fro,  
In arching circles, made a silly show!

### IX.

And Henry Huguenot from old S. C.,  
Was dressed like ancient man of war,  
His gleaming arms resplendent all to see,  
Although he never knew what for?

## PREPAREDNESS.

But when at table, armed, he came to sup,  
We raised both hands in sign that we gave up.

### X.

And puncher Alamo, from Texas plain,  
Who always had but little sense,  
And strutted round like gaudy peacock vain,  
With double row of cartridge vents;  
And perfect arsenal of guns to prove  
His blazonry, to shine if e'er he move!

### XI.

And so from distant points came such as these,  
Each simple tenderfoot PREPARED!  
But do such exhibitions really please,  
And cowardice so plainly bared?  
It almost seems as though their meanest foe,  
Would warn them from such queer fantastic show!

### XII.

And then we took the pains to pass a law,  
Forbidding all to carry guns;  
Because we saw that drunken man will draw  
And shoot, when sober one will run:  
Besides we quite well knew that men have shot,  
Loaded with arms, but when unarmed could not!!

### XIII.

As we in Arizona, must laugh off  
The tenderfoot's unwise parade,  
And to a certain limit actions scoff,  
To which at last must end be made;  
So all the nations must together pool,  
To master and reduce the dangerous fool,

### XIV.

Who thinks to conquer all the busy world,  
And hold all peoples as a pawn;



## PREPAREDNESS.

For while the nations are to ruin hurled,  
The night of death is turned to dawn,  
As reason reasserts her proper reign,  
And king or two has disappeared with train.

### XV.

For so with nations, tools of war can stand  
Behind the door, or in the rack,  
Quite ready to a sober, steady hand,  
But when a bluff, they finally pack,  
Because they are prepared, this leads to strife,  
And all the ills of savage frontier life!

### XVI.

The world thus loses several centuries,  
Each time a tenderfooted king,  
Runs in his bluff on his affinities,  
Or wanders drunken in the ring!  
He stirs up cruel war and wanton waste,  
Repenting ever after his hot haste!

### XVII.

Prepare who will, there'll come the Tenderfoot,  
To run amuck in shining arms,  
And threaten all the neighbors to uproot,  
Just as a war-lord brings alarms!  
Before he comes, let us together get,  
And hold him fast in civilization's net!!

### XVIII.

Our duty's to disarm; the sword to sheathe!  
Put Law upon the earth to guide!  
That for a while the world may gently breathe  
With sodden terror cast aside!  
Let's bind the nations so they will not dare!  
And not spend ALL our money to prepare!!!

## OF THEE, I THINK.

### A VILLANELLE.

1.

Of thee, my love, I love to think,  
Thy favor is the world to me,  
Thy love is more than meat or drink!

2.

Thy gracious kindness is the link  
That binds me, ever chained to thee,  
Of thee, my love, I love to think!

3.

What though I stand upon the brink  
Of famine and of poverty,  
Thy love is more than meat or drink!

4.

What though at times, I seem to sink  
In shallows of despondency,  
Of thee, my love, I love to think!

5.

What though I hear the doleful clink  
Of chains, that starve me verily,  
Thy love is more than meat and drink!

6.

For thou art like a full-blown pink,  
Or a prolific apple-tree,  
Of thee, my love, I love to think,  
Thy love is more than meat or drink!

## SIGNS.

Signs are mostly all well-founded,  
If you learn to read them rightly;  
Weather on the signs is grounded,  
Signs are mostly all well-founded,  
Though by common nature bounded,  
When the sun shines e'er so brightly,  
Signs are mostly all well-founded,  
If you learn to read them rightly!

When the moon is young and crescent,  
Know if it come wet or arid;  
Whether it come rough or pleasant,  
When the moon is young and crescent,  
While it still is adolescent,  
By the way its horns are carried,  
When the moon is young and crescent,  
Know if it come wet or arid!

If its basin tilts its edges,  
So it will not hold an arrow;  
There'll be death among the sedges,  
If its basin tilts its edges,  
And no rain upon the ledges,  
Not a drink for wren or sparrow,  
If its basin tilts its edges,  
So it will not hold an arrow!

When the basin of Diana,  
Level is enough for water,  
'Twill be all too wet for manna,  
When the basin of Diana,  
From the Lakes to Lousiana,  
Then no chance the game to slaughter,  
When the basin of Diana,  
Level is enough for water!

JAN 31 1922 ✓

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"Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur."—*Quintus Ennius*.

FRIENDSHIP, AND OTHER ODES.....page 49

ANOTHER YEAR, and other sonnets.....page 51

All by Josiah Bond.

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## FRIENDSHIP.

### STROPHE.

All recognize the noble, generous friend,  
What place soever he be found!  
To whom another's honor is the end,  
Another's glories do redound.  
Respect, affection and esteem unite,  
To lofty and praiseworthy deeds incite!

For such a friend is best of God's designs,  
The highest type of holy truth;  
For lack of which each normal creature pines  
From prattling days of earliest youth.  
The want grows greater with increasing age,  
Alike to all, to dullard and to sage!

✓ PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA ✓



## FRIENDSHIP.

### ANTISTROPHE.

But he who lacks the ecstasy divine,  
Dividing all the world in two—  
One half with boots for him to lick, as wine;  
The other half to kiss *his* shoe:  
You all know him! he knows not friendly name,  
And passes down through life, with mental shame.

And he who makes his kindness, base of gain!  
And hopes to fatten on his friends;  
His moral turpitude is all in vain,  
Though he to this all efforts bends:  
No air of kindliness in him is guessed;  
He's known as friend who claims his interest!

### EPODE.

And though a mine he own,  
As rich as any known!  
Or has a great commercial store,  
With laden shelves and barrelled floor!  
Though politics for him is chosen field,  
Where world-wide happenings are thought about!  
Though money-laden banks his income yield!  
Or on the land he fight with rain and drought!  
In all these businesses diverse,  
His friendship is a boon or curse,  
According to the way,  
He asks his friends to pay:  
To give him cheerful love for friendship lent!  
Or reimburse him at a high percent!!

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

And we shall drink the pure sweet spring of life,  
As clear as crystal, flowing from the throne;  
And there will end forever human strife,  
And darkness will no longer then be known!  
For there the light will never falter,  
And God is temple both and altar!  
And in the center is the tree,  
The tree of life, whose leaves  
Are nations' healing sheaves.  
There blessed are they whose right is free,  
To eat its monthly fruit, and holy  
Let them be still, however lowly.  
We have God's promise to our faith uphold;  
The hungry eats, and he athirst will drink,  
And enter through the gates to streets of gold,  
And sorrows of this life in rapture sink!

## ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year has come with laugh and tear!  
Another year has done its part and gone!  
The old no longer holds us as a pawn,  
With load of burdens and with gripe of fear!  
The new is here with happiness and cheer,  
With all the glory of the brightening dawn;  
And now upon us in affection fawn  
The gifts and promise of the glad New Year!  
  
Then welcome, little stranger! to our arms!  
Thrice welcome in thy child-like innocence!  
After these bitter months of sad alarms,  
These days of suffering and penitence,  
Our softened hearts are open to thy charms,  
Thy sweet persuasion claims our confidence!!

## INDIAN CORN.

O Maize! of all the grains the proudest in thy state,  
The cherished friend of satisfied mankind!  
To western continent the gift of generous fate,  
With grateful feathers waving in the wind!  
The world has been forever gainer,  
By finding thee, the Life Sustainer!  
Whose yellow ear with silk-lined husk,  
Has food within its cell,  
For millions, yet to swell  
The countless horde beyond the dusk!  
O Maize! thy largess is unbounded,  
And always has been loudly sounded!  
So let thy bounty grow, as grows the need,  
And as thou fedst unnumbered multitudes of yore,  
Now let thy luscious kernels ever feed  
Thy grateful debtors on this earthly, hungry shore!!

## MY FIRESIDE.

O kindly sparkling flame! thou leapest high,  
From never cooling hearth, to disappear  
In depths of towering chimney, drawing near  
To thy emancipation in the sky!  
Before thy constant soaring, we are shy,  
But in thy light we never shed a tear  
For thy defection; nor can come to fear,  
But pain and all dejection we defy!!  
  
Then leap up to thy freedom, genial flame!  
But as thou leapest, spread thy gentle heat;  
And as thou forgest up, remove all blame,  
As one who gaily goes to freedom meet;  
That we our kindred may before thee claim,  
And in thy radiance, all our loved ones greet!

## RELIGION.

Religion is the main-stay of the human mind,  
The only prop through life's experiment.  
Among whose holy precepts, we can surely find  
Relief from sorrow, for the penitent,  
Who really mourn for all their sinning,  
Who absolution care for winning,  
Who put away temptation's lure,  
And carry others' load,  
Upon the narrow road,  
That leads to heavenly mansions pure,  
Where they forget their tribulation,  
And gain eternal liberation,  
Denied them while on earth they still remain;  
Religion holding out the hope of stainless youth  
To those who do not scornfully disdain  
Its saving wisdom, leading to the throne of truth!!

## SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES.

We spent two years without the creature things;  
The pleasant comforts of our peace time days:  
And changed our mode of life in many ways;  
In our great struggle with the savage kings!  
We missed the luxuries that labor brings;  
The sweetness and the stuff in bowls and trays:  
Seductive liquor that our virtue slays;  
And things like that to which our nature clings!

Nor did we grudge them!! while the Belgian kids  
Were saved from starving by our self-restraint,  
And France was lifted from the torturing grids.  
We bore privations all without complaint,  
We did our blessed bit with shining lids,  
And in our time of trial, did not faint!!!



## THE SEA.

O ever ruthless sea! Thou rollest on and on,  
In one continuous never ending wave;  
Thou hast so oft prepared some cruel shape to don,  
Which seems more prone to ruin than to save!  
Thy countenance is always busy,  
With changes making strangers dizzy,  
As fiercely winds o'ersweep thy face,  
The rains in torrents fall,  
The deafening thunders call,  
Which follow lightning's swifter pace;  
The grayer walls of surging water,  
When mother ocean threatens slaughter,  
The overthrow complete of dignity,  
When tossing white-caps shake the good ship's graceful poise,  
The settling of the staunch old oak in glee,  
Though ever it comes forth afresh from spume and noise!

## NOT MONEY MAD.

A money grubbing people! May be so!  
We often seem to chase the dollar fast,  
To hunt a bargain, like it was the last,  
Devoting all to make our bank-book grow.  
Does money up the leaping rivers flow?  
Is money in our pockets freely cast?  
And are not moniless tribes by far outclassed  
By those who labor hard and riches know?

Yes, money is the difference 'twixt the West  
And East; who have can purchase time to think!  
With free continued thought comes knowledge blessed!  
Enlightened thoughts all benedictions link  
With money! Oh! thank God! we have a chest,  
And time and chance to fill it to the brink!!

## THE APACHE'S DEFIANCE TO THE SPANISH.

O ghastly ones! O sallow ones! your pallid skin  
Is crescent like in color; like the moon  
As well, your courage is half-fashioned! and as thin  
As is the spurting blood that makes you swoon!  
You come into our land in armor,  
Across the waste of tinkling marmor;  
You marry with the Papagos,  
Whose women are their braves,  
And think to make us slaves!  
Now know that we are nobler foes,  
That we shall die our land defending,  
And give your peon system ending.  
Then hear, O cowardly whites, our challenge loud!  
Put off your clothes of steel and come the walls without,  
Take up the battle gage, like foemen proud,  
And we shall see who is most valiant and most stout!!

## THE LADS RETURN.

We sped our boys across the seething sea,  
To act a manly part against the thug,  
Because to ruin sore he wished to lug  
Our peaceful ships, assigning as his plea,  
The old and worn-out word necessity!  
To charges of barbarity, he'd shrug  
His shoulders, and conceal himself so snug  
Within his bases, chuckling e'er with glee!  
Among them, many a gaily stepping lad,  
Who went abroad resolved to write his name  
Upon the tablets of the time; we're glad  
He fought so bravely for his well-earned fame,  
Bringing his laurels home, as one who had,  
So like a hunter bold, big—fancy—game!

## BRAVERY.

The brave man is the finest piece of life,  
Not equalled by the choicest work of art.  
Not he that rushes headlong into strife,  
But he that joins with sturdy, steadfast heart!  
For courage must be mixed with reason,  
And guided into play in season,  
Not wantonly diffused about;  
For nothing's more absurd,  
Than having feelings stirred  
By every reckless, witless lout,  
Who, when it comes to actual battle,  
Is routed by the roar and rattle.  
But each must have his courage seated deep,  
Where neither noise nor wound can reach its base,  
Content to hold his fire, as foes upcreep,  
Until he sees them clearly face to face!!

## WHO WON THE WAR?

The greatest war of history is won!  
Belgium the plundered is at last restored,  
And France, so mutilated, gashed and gored,  
Is just recovering from the damage done!  
Japan now reaps the best for Rising Sun,  
While Italy redeems her ancient board;  
England, whose cannon through the oceans roared,  
And we, have laid aside the bomb and gun!  
But now discussion springs up, loud, and wheezy,  
With argument enough from capes and friths;  
All ask: "Who won the war?" All, gay and breezy!  
Well, cutting out the romance and the myths  
That cumber glorious deeds, the answer's easy:  
It was the Smiths! the forty thousand Smiths!!!

APR 11 1922

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"The time of the singing of birds is come."—*Solomon's Song.*

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By Josiah Bond.

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## THE VISITING AUTHOR IN ARIZONA.

Whenever a writer seeks our sun-kissed land,  
To get material for his story's theme,  
To tell true tale, or beautify a dream,  
We always offer him a welcoming hand!  
If he invents an ear-mark or a brand,  
Describes a mine, a mountain or a stream,  
Or fills his page with love, and sweets and cream,  
We put ourselves and all at his command!

But when he wishes to describe our needs,  
To make prosaic action even duller,  
To moralize upon our fancied creeds,  
And illustrate what he calls local color,  
Then is the time to seize him ere he heeds,  
And grind him into bits with cast-steel muller!

PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA.



## THE APRIL BIRDS.

### I

Comes the tanager in April as our guest,  
As our guest!

In scarlet bodice so ornately dressed;  
From a hotter country winging,  
Cheery whistling songs a-singing,  
And his dainty young upbringing,  
As our guest!

### II

Comes the tranquil dove in April as our guest,  
As our guest!

Comes cooing, gently cooing at his rest;  
While the days grow ever lighter,  
Closing water holes the tighter,  
Though he daily seems the brighter,  
As our guest!

### III

And in April comes the robin as our guest,  
As our guest!

But stays not long enough to make a nest;  
Coming from some tropic garden,  
Flaunting his bright Dolly Varden,  
Staying but his wings to harden,  
As our guest!

### IV

Comes the oriole in April as our guest,  
As our guest!

Bedecked with spread of gorgeous yellow breast;  
Building nest like lady's stocking,  
Twigs and grasses interlocking,  
While he sits on branches rocking,  
As our guest!

## THE APRIL BIRDS.

### V

April also brings the martin as our guest,  
As our guest!  
As dull his sombre wings, as pert his crest;  
Yet he works like sturdy drafter,  
While his antics cause our laughter,  
As he builds beneath our rafter,  
As our guest!

### VI

Thus as comes each one in April as our guest,  
As our guest!  
We surely ought to feel supremely blest;  
That the birds around us swarming,  
At the time of earth's re-warming,  
Seem so happy, each conforming,  
As our guest!

## DAWN.

The stars are fading in the western sky,  
The East is bathed in ever lighting glow,  
Terrestrial objects now begin to show,  
The mountain night wind is about to die!  
The merry birds tune up with peep and cry,  
The joyous roosters chant their second crow,  
The grazing horses whinny soft and low,  
Aurora stretches, and the day is nigh!

O sluggard! rouse thee from thy easy bed,  
Shake loose thy limbs, thy blood to circulate,  
Admire God's wondrous glories round thee spread!  
Thou hast not seen the sun rise, nor to date  
Hast thou been here to earn thy daily bread;  
Awake thou lazy one! the sun await!!

## THE ALLEGHENY RIVER.

The dwellers in the ancient lands may smile,  
With Ceres in her role of growing food;  
The date palms and the lotus by the Nile,  
May show old Nature in her kindest mood;  
But give me dark and foaming rivers,  
Where under forest shade one shivers,  
In solemn awe of God's great power!  
Where humble climbers twine,  
The ivy, eglantine,  
And dainty creepers, choicest dower!  
The sun looks slyly through tops leafy,  
The light comes down upon us sheafy;  
Our souls are turned to sacred, hallowed thought:  
We here perceive God's all-persistent might,  
Made ever obvious by his wonders wrought;  
And learn by these to comprehend the right!!

## FAITH.

A faith that all the doctrine well believes,  
That no suspicion has, and wavers not,  
That sees the hand of God in all our lot;  
Such faith is excellent and never grieves!  
A faith that rides triumphant, and conceives  
It due, to prove its power by shell and shot,  
And proud to venture all it ever got;  
Such faith is very good, and man reprieves!!  
  
But faith that battles for its right to live!  
That has its desperate struggles and defeats!  
That now is in pursuit, now fugitive!  
That sees the danger, and as bravely meets!  
The holder of such faith God will forgive,  
When him at heaven's door, He gladly greets!!

## A HERO'S BIRTHPLACE.

Upon Monongahela's grassy bank,  
Lie Braddock's Fields, where proudest soldiers fell;  
A slaughter till the sun in anguish sank,  
Away from dying groan and battle yell!  
In gloom of thickest trees there passes,  
Above the red-stained forest grasses,  
A swift consuming torch of flame!  
Which seres the bravest hearts,  
And fiery battle starts,  
The Englishmen to kill and maim.  
All day the conflict waged one-sided,  
With honors to the oft derided!  
Let Braddock rest in his well hidden grave,  
The victim of an Indian ambushade;  
That fate a Hero there to Freedom gave—  
Let thanks to an all-seeing God be made!!

## OUR MOUNTAIN.

Immersed in filmy clouds, pulsating fleeces,  
That ever congregate around its head,  
And which forever off its slopes are bred,  
Illumined as the day the heat increases,  
Together gathering soft and scattering pieces,  
Which chamber snugly in their mountain bed,  
And in the vesper hours turn pink and red,  
Our mountain looms aglow as daylight ceases!  
  
Mount Hopkins! home of pure and chaste tornadoes,  
The watchful guard of those aerial scenes!  
Surrounded and well flanked by storm-gilt dadoes,  
The best of the ambrosial odors gleans!  
It echoes eager miners' rough passadoes,  
And proudly stands among eternal greens!!



## WESTWARD HO! FROM FORT PITT.

Where noble rivers mingle rainbow weaves,  
In rushing onward to the distant sea;  
Where noble maples drop their crimson leaves,  
In gentle showers as the long days flee!  
From where rolls on the broad Ohio,  
Completing this majestic trio,  
At whose concentered point we stand.  
See how the waters flow!  
To rivers far below!  
Conveying wealth to all the land.  
Soon journey our explorers wary,  
From wooded hill to rolling prairie,  
And with them go enlightenment and hope;  
Until they civilize the men of chase,  
By carrying over this wide western slope,  
The learning and persistence of our race!!!

## THE SUEZ CANAL, 1869-1919.

When water flowed from Mediterranean Sea  
To that which swallowed up Old Pharaoh's host,  
Though under tropic heats that all things roast,  
The Kings and Princes made great gayety!  
With Christian service, every head hat-free,  
With Moslem invocation, covered most;  
To Mecca and Judea turned, engrossed,  
They asked a blessing on its destiny!

Now Jubilee has come! The Kings are gone!  
Yet still the tepid water smoothly runs!  
The East and West exchange their brain and brawn;  
Steam powered merchant ships, with countless tons,  
Replace the traders: while the royal spawn  
Gives way, at last, to free men's favored sons!

## A SOLDIER SONG.

Oh! what a joyous thought, to love a girl!  
To turn from contemplation of war's line,  
And let enchanting fancies wanton whirl,  
Enslaving reason's might, like ruby wine!  
Endearment and caress we lavish,  
While amorous eyes our heart-strings ravish,  
And wit has gone awandering far;  
We take her in our arms,  
Devour her many charms,  
And let no doubts affection mar!  
For Cupid shoots his fatal arrow,  
Which bores our passions to the marrow,  
And we succumb to love's unyielding fate,  
Surrendering all to one coquettish curl;  
We gladly recognize our heaven-sent mate,  
And glory in our chance to love the girl!!

## MARCH.

"When March comes in so lamb-like, it goes out  
Like roaring lion," is a proverb old,  
And many times well proved, as we've been told;  
It comes with murmurs, goes with horrid shout!  
This year is such an instance, threatening drought!  
The peach and apricot are waxing bold,  
The poppy and the myrtle daring cold,  
The cottonwoods and buttonballs time flout!  
  
The sky-hued bluebird chirps in live-oak tree!  
The mocker throats his matrimonial song!  
The golden warblers greet the world with glee!  
The 'dobe wren now hops the wall along!  
All nature welcomes March, so sweet and free!  
But when it goes, look out! it's going strong!!

## MATRIMONY.

O Holy Union! from most ancient times ordained  
To bring mankind to full and perfect state,  
And make of him a MAN! with destined lot attained,  
Who else would miss his best and highest fate!  
O Marriage! which on man imposes  
An obligation that discloses  
The presence of unselfish worth;  
Which brings to man his power,  
And to the woman her dower,  
Concealed for this event from birth!  
The man now recognizes duty,  
The woman now acquires her beauty;  
They both are raised to heights before unknown,  
And filled with force divine for labor to be done;  
They two now multiply in flesh and bone,  
And God now signifies that their full rank is won!!

## THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The apple tree upon the slope is covered quite,  
With blossoms spreading incense on the air;  
The buds with swelling bodies, pink and fair;  
The sepals chaste, the petals pinkish white.  
Full many a bud will drop, in losing fight  
With worms! untimely frosts! with branches bare!  
With sultry summer suns! with windstorms' wear!  
While few mature, and fruit in perfect light!!  
  
So with mankind! who start with rosy skin,  
Sweet scented modesty, and conscience pure!  
But overborne by heritage of sin,  
Or seized by human ills, or evil's lure,  
But few their thorny way to greatness win,  
And leave illustrious names that will endure!!

MAY 18 '22

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"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there."  
—*John Howard Payne.*

## CONTENTS.

IN THE SKY, A song: UNDER THE DOGWOOD TREE  
and other sonnets by Josiah Bond.

Dedicated to the contented paterfamilias, in these days of  
unsettled domestic relations.

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## IN THE SKY.

### I.

Dear Old Santa Rita Mountains in the sky,  
In the sky!  
Your craggy heads are lifted proud and high,  
While the mists caress you rather  
Than the frothy, foamy lather  
Of the clouds that round you gather,  
In the sky!

### II.

Rough and rugged pinnacles that look so nigh,  
In the sky!  
But far away are you, provoking sigh;  
While your beauties are entrancing,  
With the sun your points o'erglancing,  
As its beams are lightly dancing,  
In the sky!



### III.

And the mines that on your swelling bosom lie,  
In the sky!  
Enriching all who to their bounty tie;  
When an igneous intrusion,  
Working always in seclusion,  
Riches gives in great profusion,  
In the sky!

### IV.

Round your lonesome crags, the screaming eagles fly,  
In the sky!  
And soaring buzzards lazy pinions ply;  
When the sinking sun is flaming,  
All of nature's wildness taming,  
Sharp and striking pictures framing,  
In the sky!

### V.

So I hate to see the cheerful sunlight die,  
In the sky!  
Although its passing glory is so shy,  
And the dying light is tender,  
When the day account doth render,  
And we're blinded by the splendor  
In the sky!

### VI.

Later sparkling stars in all directions hie,  
In the sky!  
While I enjoy the brilliance none can buy;  
For its wonders I am drinking,  
As I sit here kindly thinking,  
While the diamond points are winking,  
In the sky!

### VII.

So! dear Santa Rita Mountains in the sky,  
In the sky!  
With glory that few other lands can vie!  
Hold your lofty peaks up straightly,  
Proud to overawe so greatly,  
While your grandeur sits so stately  
In the sky!

## LOVE.

Love always enters in! We know not how  
He finds the open door; nor do we know  
When he will time to come, or when to go:  
But as with us, perhaps, it may be now!  
Yet having made his way, if we allow,  
Our pulses quicken beat, our hearts will glow,  
As sure as down to sea the waters flow;  
And bliss will follow, as the crop the plow!

Nor could we wish to keep young Cupid out!  
Nor cool his welcome here! for all our thought  
Is tuned to waiting for his royal dart!  
For neither cold reflection, nor a doubt,  
Our bargain will decry; for we have bought  
Our happiness, exchanging heart for heart!

## MARRIAGE.

Eternal is the tie that firmly binds  
Two loving hearts in one; eternal, too,  
Should be the legal bonds: and those who woo,  
Must know that they can not remould their minds.  
The ancient rite, as old as human kinds,  
Will be respected when the suitors sue,  
If there be full intent the things to do,  
That should be done before the union grinds.

When sealed by increment of natural growth,  
The marriage claim becomes a sacred cord,  
A strong and lasting chain to hold till death!  
It is ideal legacy for both,  
Renewed to us, by Christ, our gracious Lord,  
To be defended till our last drawn breath!!

## UNDER THE DOGWOOD TREE.

Beneath the snow flakes of the dogwood tree  
My loved one stands at ease; she gently smiles,  
As one who feels secure, and needs no wiles,  
Except her own sweet self; nor fancy free,  
But loving well and well beloved: so she  
Upright and slender heads the forest files;  
Like the white cornel, she delights the whiles  
My senses, and is all the world to me!

The dogwood blooms so chaste but once a year,  
But she smiles on through all her friendly life;  
She has its purity, its fragrance clear,  
And its bright bloom: as maiden and as wife,  
She honors me with ever smiling face,  
Eternal in her chastity and grace!!!

## GIVEN OF GOD.

Ciconia came that year in gracious mood  
And brought me as a gift a splendid boy!  
To be forever cause of mirth and joy,  
My eldest son, the leader of the brood!  
God in his kindness sent him to me nude,  
So rosy, flushed and sweet, so meekly coy,  
That never once did he my senses cloy,  
And never on my time or nerves intrude.

Half of a generation has he stayed  
With me in daily grind, nor yet has caused  
Me to regret his coming! He has strayed  
But rarely from the path, nor virtue gauzed!  
Has all my orders cheerfully obeyed,  
And in untired performance never paused!!

## TO HOPE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Continue in thy path, my little maid!

Grow sweet and gentle as thou growest tall!

Grow strong and sturdy, but refined withal!

And ills of merry youth with skill evade!

May all thy pains and sorrows quickly fade,

And joys and blessings hasten at thy call;

Composure be with thee, whate'er befall,

And thus thy future be in beauty laid!!

Do not forget the day when thou wert nine!

As entering on the threshold of thy life,

Thou buildest up thy mind by sacred line,

And overcomest hate and senseless strife

By force of character, that may well be thine!

And so thy days with sweet content be rife!!

## HIS FIRST LOVE.

I have a lad of eleven lively years,

Who has a case of love quite well along,

And of impetuous nature, goes it strong;

He loves his love at sight, and nothing fears.

I try to lure him, at the risk of tears,

Away from love, and tell him it is wrong;

But he pays no attention to my song,

Although repeated oft, to listless ears!

He loves, he wants, and in his great desire,

He tries with craft to hide her from us all;

When search is made for them, we always tire,

And both are deaf, though I may loudly bawl!

The old claw-hammer, cause of love's hot fire,

That should by rights, be hanging on the wall!!



## HIS TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.

His natal day returns; twelve are the years,  
That he has sojourned here: and each of these  
Has added one more grace; in summer breeze,  
And winter hurricane, his worth appears!  
His noisy exercise my dullness cheers,  
He hops with spirit, like the choppy seas;  
He wants to help me, and he tries to please,  
Remembering quite a lot of what he hears!

His years are only twelve, yet he has cast  
His spells around my heart, till I am tied  
By firm affection's cords; and tied so fast,  
That I can never brush the knots aside!  
So sonny! pull me gently that I last,  
And thou and I forever friends abide!!

## OUR BLACK CAT.

Our cat is black from head to waving tail,  
With coal black nostrils from ancestor wild;  
With cutting teeth, like piercing daggers filed,  
And ever sharpened claws in velvet veil!  
Moustaches grace her lips, that never fail  
To guide her in the dark; nor is she mild  
When once provoked: and when to chase beguiled,  
Dilating pupils night time gladly hail!

In drying winds her furry sparks will tease!  
She tells the storm by extra cleanliness!  
By lying on her back, she rain foresees!  
Affectionate is she, with soft caress,  
She rubs against my legs; she mounts my knees,  
And purrs the pleasure, she does thus express!

## OUR OPEN HEARTH.

The fireplace has its own delightful charm!  
As made by master mason, with great pains;  
Much like old cognac brandy in the veins!  
It carries full insurance from all harm,  
It spreads sweet peace, and silences alarm,  
It is most sacred of all ancient fanes,  
And all the cheer of friendliness sustains,  
When fed by hickory from ancestral farm!!

Then rise, O Fire! nor falter in thy course,  
And let thy course be upward in the flue,  
That thou mayst draw all envy and remorse,  
All weariness and sorrow to the blue!  
That friendship may be anchored at thy source,  
And be like thee, direct, uprising, true!!

## OUR ROLY.

He joys with us, whenever we are gay;  
Again to mountain rides he oft invites  
By eager barks: our presence he requites  
With demonstrations loud, which we repay  
In friendly pats, and in affection stay;  
Our prowling enemies he roughly bites,  
He sorrows with us in our daily plights,  
And runs to meet us on our homeward way!!

O faithful friend! thou hast one only fault:  
Thy span of earthly life is all too short!  
We come to love thee as thy pulses halt,  
Whereon thou driftest from terrestrial port  
To that far haven, where good dogs exalt  
The rites of friendship, and its graces court!

## HEART'S DESIRE.

### I — BEFORE.

When we foresaw his coming in the spring,  
We set ourselves to wait the longed for day;  
And while we waited, never ceased to pray  
That time would minister to his nurturing!  
Swollen with pride of now refashioning  
The image of her love, his mother lay  
With courage to expect the coming fray,  
When she to God another soul would bring!!

And when the time arrives for him to wail  
His opening notes, we'll welcome him with joy,  
And help him tear away the mystic veil  
From little eyes, his stumbling steps convoy,  
Until he can alone his work assail;  
Creation's masterpiece, a new-born boy!!!

### II — AFTER.

The day long looked for, has at length arrived,  
And left no boy upon our waiting knees,  
But gentler creature, sent by softer breeze,  
And by some mystery of life contrived!  
In spite of my first longing, thus deprived,  
I bowed my head in face of heaven's decrees,  
And reckoning up my own long pedigrees  
I with the certain facts of time connived!!

For when I come to think of all the others,  
I realize as dramas thus unfurl:  
Sisters are needed just as bad as brothers,  
And cheery housewife is a precious pearl!!  
Where would we be without our dear old mothers!!!  
Then hail God's perfect thought! this new born girl!!!

AUG -1 1922

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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"And bare hills lift their streaming faces up  
to praise the Lord."—Charles B. Clark.

## CONTENTS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and other sonnets.

THE RAINS, A Rhymed Sestina.

THE CARVED TORTOISE, A Ballad, All by Josiah Bond.

## THE KINDLY PURITAN.

Whose masterpiece foundationed deep, in sooth,  
Idyllic Helicon upon our shores,  
Long echoing melody above our doors!  
Led by exuberance of exulting youth!  
Insisting on the principles of ruth!  
And ever generous with his mental stores,  
Midst whose array, his spirit gaily soars,  
Conceived he fancies of eternal truth!!

Beauty and tenderness were his to use,  
Relying always on exquisite gust;  
Yet keeping dignity and faithful muse,  
A virtuous vigor, and a courage just,  
Needing all love to gain, all hate to lose,  
The Puritan! absorbed in Godward trust!!



## THE RAINS.

### A RHYMED SESTINA.

#### I

Now comes the welcome sound of healing rains,  
When nature shall in truth be born again,  
When grateful earth its old time sweetness gains,  
And old content returns to hearts of men!  
For long we lived beneath the scorching sky,  
And long endured these past months, hot and dry!

#### II

The winter and the spring have been so dry,  
That deserts seem less waste, Sahara gains  
New worth; the burning air and molten sky  
Await with faith, the coming of the rains,  
To bring a new release to waiting men,  
When hope and courage both will spring again!

#### III

It seemed there never would be seen again,  
The sun o'erclouded or a nimbus sky!  
That ever in the eyes of suffering men  
Would glare the dazzling glow and aspect dry;  
And yet by God's kind grace we have the rains,  
Hence every heart new confidence now gains!

## THE RAINS.

### IV

The world of business by the down-pour gains,  
But more, the brittle tempers of the men  
Are gentled by the patter of the rains,  
And peace and good-will overflow again;  
So quickly is forgot the awful dry:  
When rain is falling from the weeping sky!

### V

But not forgotten is the brazen sky,  
That long foreran the time of sprouting rains!  
When fertile soil was useless, parched and dry,  
Waiting the flood, by which the world now gains;  
For agriculture shall return again  
Fair competence from work, to sweating men!

### VI

Loud raise the joyful song of grateful men!  
By passing through a siege of dead and dry,  
Man comes at last to sweeter days again!  
He looks now on the dark, cloud-laden sky,  
As one lifts up his eyes, who freedom gains:  
Glory to God! who sends the saving rains!!

### ENVOY.

The blessed summer rains have come again!  
The earth old comfort gains, and beasts and men!  
The feverish sky is gone, and fiery dry!!

## THE CARVED TORTOISE.

1

Henry Van Doren, then a lad,  
Of eighteen years or so,  
With Mary Amerman was glad,  
And her he wished to beau!

2

His father sent him out to drive,  
And plow the upper field,  
In spring of Eighteen Sixty Five,  
Hoping for bumper yield!

3

For prices then were soaring high,  
Because of war-time waste;  
And everything was wanted spry,  
And needed in quick haste.

4

So Henry plowed the upper field,  
One warm and spring-like day;  
But cared not for the bumper yield,  
His thoughts were far away!

5

With Mary in her bright blue dress,  
And bonnet made at home;  
A pretty picture, I confess,  
In her Dutch net and comb.

6

And as he graded the furrows fertile,  
To plant the yellow corn,  
He suddenly turned up a turtle,  
That shone in mellow morn!

## THE CARVED TORTOISE.

7

When Henry saw the turtle slow,  
He stopped his sturdy team;  
He thought he saw a way to show  
His longing was supreme.

8

Its carapace was gold and brown,  
Its shield below was white,  
He turned it deftly upside down,  
For slate on which to write;

9

And first he wrote with hand quite free,  
The letters plain, M A,  
And just below, his own, H V,  
The year, the month and day!

10

He used his sharp edged hunting dirk,  
Without thought of abuse;  
Admiring much his handiwork,  
He turned the turtle loose.

11

The years passed: as is wont with years:  
Mary got married! Not  
With neighbor Henry; smiles and tears  
She had, and many a tot!

12

Henry got married too in time,  
And his sons after him,  
Until another, foreign clime  
Another Henry grim

13

Called to the standard of the free;  
Into the maelstrom hurled,  
To fight for his democracy,  
His home and all his world!

77



## THE CARVED TORTOISE.

14

But he came home with little harm,  
And glad to see his own,  
To work on his ancestral farm,  
With corn and hay new-mown!

15

And now it chanced that on the farm,  
Adjoining Henry's home,  
There lived a maid with gentle charm,  
True daughter of the loam!

16

Her name was Mary! number four  
From Mary of that day,  
And by coincidence she bore  
A surname with an A!

17

One day as he was plowing corn,  
Fast reaching to his knees,  
His plow along the road was borne  
By rows of cedar trees!

18

And Mary, driving Dexter fast,  
Came down the road a-grinning;  
When Dexter frightened as he passed,  
Sent cart and Mary spinning!

19

When Mary landed near the fence,  
Our Henry stopped his plow!  
She overcome by diffidence!  
And he with flushing brow!

20

At just that moment crawled beneath  
The lowest zig-zag rail,  
An aged turtle with a sheath  
Like armored coat of mail!

78

## THE CARVED TORTOISE.

21

Obeying some instinctive thought,  
The boy reached for the turtle;  
The girl likewise the tortoise caught!  
The two together hurtle!!

22

Between them it was overturned,  
And there upon its plate,  
The carven letters were discerned,  
Together with the date.

23

It took but little time to see  
That there, as plain as day,  
Were his initials, strong: H V,  
With hers above: M A!

24

He looked at her! and she at him!  
And both remembered well,  
Tradition old and promise dim,  
Regarding tortoise shell;

25

That runs: that they who find their letters  
Upon a shell or leather—  
No matter who were their begetters—  
Shall after wed together!!

26

It was not long when Henry married  
Miss Mary Apgar, maid  
Of Jersey, and with her he tarried,  
To rest in love's sweet shade!

27

And all who saw the end of it,  
And heard the wedding bell!  
Then realized that fate was writ  
Upon a turtle shell!!!

79

## SAINT SWITHIN.

Salute Saint Swithin, bringer of the rain!  
At whose once hallowed shrine, the dog days pass;  
And wet for forty days, or dry as brass,  
According to the weather at his fane;  
And this is governed by his birth hour's vane;  
For as the rain falls then, the spreading grass  
Is wet alone with scanty dew, alas!  
Or with the constant showers, that drive amain!

Then let us humbly kneel, and humbly pray,  
That rain may come in steady summer showers  
O'er all this earth, upon Saint Swithin's Day;  
That then the sign may prove the hope of flowers,  
Of full grown luscious fruits and garlands gay,  
Of ample food in bitter winter hours!

## THE MAN FROM WILCOX.

As told by a member of the A. E. F.

We boys lay in a trench in sodden France,  
Soaked to the skin with rain, completing hike  
From distant base, along a sleeted pike,  
While slowly thawing clothes our joys enhance!  
When urgent orders came to belt our pants  
For forward movement. As we dunnage strike,  
I heard the man from Wilcox, sobbing like:  
"Dear Arizona! Oh! for just one glance!!"

My thoughts flew back to that remote, fair land,  
Which I had often grumbled at, and cursed!  
The dust storms settling over wastes of sand!  
The glowing sun that me in childhood nursed!!  
I knew right then, where'er I took my stand,  
Dear Arizona should be always first!!!

OCT -3 1922

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# ARIZONA LYRICS

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Copyright, 1922 by Josiah Bond.

Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
His first attack —Lord Byron.

## CONTENTS.

THE LONG HORN and various sonnets.

MY LOVE IS CLAD, a Rondel.

NOW PEACE IS HERE, a Rondeau.

WHERE LOVE LIVES, a Song. All by Josiah Bond.

## THE LONG HORN.

A Chant Royal.

### I

Across the boundless stretch of Texas vast,  
I woke the thunder's echo, as I strode,  
Rushing from one sweet scented area, grassed  
With verdure succulent, though never hoed,  
To other pastures reaching far away,  
That gave rich promise of a better hay.  
There was but one with me could fairly vie,  
The native buffalo, who seemed so spry  
Upon the wide spread levels; life ordains  
That I should be his heir: a monarch I!  
I am the Long Horn, King of Texas plains!

### II

In olden days, I came with sail and mast  
With daring venturers, in hulls close stowed,  
To this new land, and thence to westward passed  
With early settlement; my course but slowed

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LANCASTER, PA.



## THE LONG HORN.

By fiery struggles in the Indians' fray,  
Where either side in hate the conquered flay.  
At last I came where Texas zephyrs sigh,  
Where lowly scorpions creep, and buzzards ply;  
The land of frugal feed, and scanty rains,  
The graveyard of my bones, whene'er I die!  
I am the Long Horn, King of Texas plains!

### III

Along the Brazos' banks, I took the blast  
Of Northers coming from their chill abode,  
Or grazed in summer heat, not well out-classed,  
While in the sunken stream, there swiftly flowed  
The waters falling on the llanos gray,  
Well staked with agave in the loamy clay,  
Though overhead, the sun is in the sky,  
And months go by till rain relieves the dry  
Sonorous limestone, that my land contains;  
On which I live, on which I nightly lie!  
I am the Long Horn, King of Texas plains!

### IV

On Wichita and Prairie Dog, I downcast,  
In sorry breaks with calcite nodules sowed,  
While overhead the winds went tearing fast,  
My females and my young in terror lowed,  
But I defiance gave to whirlwinds' play,  
And shook my spreading horns, prepared to slay  
The skulking coyote or the lion sly,  
That seek to hamstring mine—by hideous cry  
To frighten and affront! I used no pains  
To fraternize with man, but kept him nigh!  
I am the Long Horn, King of Texas plains!

## THE LONG HORN.

### V

Along the National Cattle Trail, at last  
I walked to shipment, urged by cruel goad  
In active hands, until I stood aghast  
Before the Pease and Red, at swollen node,  
That barred my passage north; a few weeks stay,  
I mill around the prairie, in a bay,  
Until I join the herd to justify  
Demands by hungry men for roast and fry.  
In some far hall, perchance, my soul regains  
My horns! whose stately walls their beauty fly!  
I am the Long Horn, King of Texas plains!

### ENVOY.

There comes at last, the mournful, painful day,  
When I, the dweller of the plains must stray  
To that celestial range, where wanders by  
My kind that passed before. Nor shall I try  
To stem my fate! My star forever wanes!  
I only pause to question gently, "Why?"  
I am the Long Horn, King of Texas plains!

### WHY THEY FALL.

The mightiest conquerors at first have trod  
The ways of virtue and the paths of God,  
In humbleness and grace!  
'Tis only when puffed up with stubborn pride,  
And on the necks of suffering tribes astride,  
That to their ruin they, unseeing, ride,  
At madman's headlong pace!  
As long as mercy leads, and warriors seek  
To show their victims that their rule is meek;  
So long will peace be vowed!  
For in this world there is no hidden hoard  
To fatten those who wield a flaming sword;  
Nor is there loot enough to coin reward  
For followers of the proud!!

## JAMES KANE.

1848-1920.

Crossing the plains when only one year old,  
He was the very youngest forty-niner;  
A victim of the craze and not designer,  
In that mad rush for far-off streams of gold!  
He wept for mother lost in mountains cold,  
Developing alone those instincts finer,  
That in long life as prospector and miner,  
Endeared him to a hardy race and bold!

His simple life of cheer, his honest soul,  
His eager and adventurous promptitude,  
His rare straightforward faith, where foot-hills roll,  
His victories along the cliffsides rude,  
Make up romantic tale of stirring whole,  
And lend rich color for an interlude!

## HAROLD BELL WRIGHT.

He gets his actors from the country near;  
He gives them natural powers and honest traits:  
Endows them with a patience sure that waits;  
And brings out sweet content and native cheer!  
He puts them in some lonely section drear,  
Where they have lots of room and but few mates,  
And gives them constant loves and honest hates,  
And leaves to them, their share of smile and tear!!

And every heroine is just a maid,  
And all the heroes blessed with brain and brawn;  
The women are the kind you'd like to aid,  
The men as gallant gentlemen are drawn!  
The story is the sort not like to fade,  
And ends in virtue's gain, without a yawn!!

## PEACE, A RONDEAU.

Now Peace is here!! May God be praised!  
Who bringeth to a world war-crazed,  
The Peace, for which it so long sought,  
The rest, it had so dearly bought,  
While helpless peoples stood amazed!

While all of Europe redly blazed!  
While neutral folk were stunned and dazed,  
And to the verge of ruin brought!  
Now Peace is here!!

The nations at their daring gazed,  
And monuments to heroes raised!  
The races, who most bravely fought,  
And found that fighting led to naught!  
Their joy can be no better phrased:  
Now Peace is here!!!

## MY LOVE, A RONDEL.

My love is clad in beauty's diffidence,  
In angel purity and glad desire!  
I know not which I should the most admire:  
Her gay demeanor, or her innocence!

She does not need the aid of ornaments,  
Nor dancing steps, nor pulse of throbbing lyre,  
My love is clad in beauty's diffidence,  
In angel purity and glad desire!

Semiramis, in her magnificence,  
Could not compete with this my love's attire,  
Nor to those fonder sentiments aspire,  
Which she excites by her intelligence!  
My love is clad in beauty's diffidence,  
In angel purity and glad desire!!



## THE NOISE OF THE DRILLS.

There is no thunder in all nature's run,  
Like rumble of the air drills underground,  
Making a merry and convincing sound,  
That speaks of honest work sincerely done!  
Speaking of Thor's great hammer! There is none  
To strike so quick and fast! so hard to pound!  
As air drills spreading music all around,  
Wearing the rock itself in sight of sun!!

Then give me but the drills to pound away,  
The cheery thunder of the hidden drift,  
So I can watch them striking all the day,  
Or listen to them echo all the shift!  
The busy drills! the sign of labor's sway!!  
The noisy drills! Invention's greatest gift!!!

## DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER.

Once more the prize ring holds the eager eyes  
Of all the world. Behold, the champion stands  
The champion still! The referee with hands  
Uplifted, slowly counts, and certifies  
The knock-out, good and cold, of him who lies  
Outstretched the canvass floor, supplanting sands,  
While reigns among the erstwhile noisy bands  
A silence, that before the thunder sighs!

The gallant challenger, defeated, dazed  
By superhuman blows, so little felt!  
The judge, by wonderful fist play amazed!  
The victor, holding tight the champion's belt!  
These are the symbols in the world ring raised,  
Of prizes and defeats to humans dealt!!

## WHERE LOVE LIVES.

### 1

Though unobtrusive in location,  
And hidden in a quiet nook,  
Though lacking frock and decoration,  
By fawning sycophants forsook,  
She holds for me appealing grace,  
A courtesy and charming face,  
While love lives there!

### 2

Though throned and robed in mantles regal,  
In sight of clamoring multitude,  
Though armed with power of flight like eagle,  
To seek exalted solitude,  
This no ways adds to my regard,  
Nor shapes my musings loverward,  
While love lives there!!

### 3

Though clothed in rags and much torn tatters,  
Concealing beauty of the soul,  
Though bare the foot that gently patters,  
A part disparaging the whole:  
There still remains for me a light,  
As some clear star that shines all night,  
While love lives there!!!

### 4

Though clad in ribbons, silks and diamonds,  
And lustrous in her radiance,  
Though blessed in turn by thousand Hymens,  
Resplendent in her elegance:  
I notice nothing but the fire  
Of longing and of dear desire,  
While love lives there!!!!

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

We pause a moment in our daily grind,  
To pay a tribute to this lad unknown!  
Demanded by the Reaper as his own,  
Whose name is wanting by a fate unkind!

He strode into the midst of battle, blind  
To danger or dismay; he went alone  
Against a cruel chance, to help enthrone  
The blessed doctrines that free peoples bind!

But though unknown, not motherless is he!  
For every mother who has lost a son,  
Shall think of him as kneeling at her knee!!

And when he joins the heavenly orison,  
Our Father knows his furthest pedigree!  
Unknown no longer, and his glory won!!!

## THE SONNET.

A sonnet should a graceful structure prop!  
Should argument uphold to serve as base,  
On which sublime conceptions can have place!  
And as the quatrain ends, the voice should drop!!

The second quatrain different growth should crop!  
Should whimsies new, yet kindred thought enlace!  
And when all minds its noble flights embrace,  
The octet gives the sentence point to stop!

A tercet introduces balanced turn;  
Opposes; yet the sense helps to enshrine!  
While brands of lyrical creation burn!

Another follows, while the muses nine  
Anoint the whole! and as the poets yearn,  
The sestet crowns all with the leaves divine!!

DEC -7 '22

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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Homer, thy song men liken to the sea,  
With all the notes of music in its tone.

—*Andrew Lang.*

## CONTENTS.

ARIZONA, and other sonnets. OUR FIRST BORN, THE  
MERCIFUL NIMRODS, a ballad, ODE TO HOMER,  
DRILLING SONG, CRYSTAL ROBES, FROM DAYS OF  
OLD.

All by Josiah Bond.

## ARIZONA.

The land of milk, from udders streaming out  
Of countless cattle on her sweeping range,  
Who feel the care of man, in every change,  
Protecting from the beasts that roam about!

The land of honey, that the faithful scout  
Can find in Autumn on the mountain grange,  
In heart of hollow oak, in caverns strange,  
Long stored for some poor wanderer devout!

The land of milk and honey, flowing free,  
The land of riches far beyond compute,  
The land of peace and fair democracy.

The land of sweet guitar and sweeter flute,  
The land of apple and of orange tree,  
The land awaiting lyric song and lute!



## DRILLING SONG.

### I

One and Two and Three and Four!  
With song your striking interlard,  
'Tis thus we get the shining ore,  
Pound it, pound it, pound it hard!

### II

Pound it quicker, pound it more,  
And with your hand the turning guard,  
And keep your tally by the score,  
Pound it, pound it, pound it hard!

### III

Raise your weight from off the floor,  
And trust the turning to your pard,  
To cut the mountain to its core,  
Pound it, pound it, pound it hard!

### IV

Let your voices gayly roar,  
Your song will not the work retard,  
We must the depths below explore,  
Pound it, pound it, pound it hard!

### V

Each vein has its trobador,  
Its story-telling, singing bard,  
Who helps preserve the miner's lore,  
Pound it, pound it, pound it hard!

### VI

Do not sleep, and do not snore,  
Be ready for the loud petard,  
That will unlock the hidden store,  
Pound it, pound it, pound it hard!

## OUR FIRST BORN.

The first child born American, in what is now  
The State of Arizona, saw the light  
In Eighteen Forty Nine, and made his opening bow  
Upon our southern boundary, as came the night,  
Starry and clear in late October,  
When all his party, scared and sober,  
Were floating down the Gila brown,  
Just after set of sun,  
With hard day fairly done,  
Expecting every hour to drown,  
Working toward California flowered!  
From this they called him Gila Howard.  
When they arrived at Yuma, on the bank,  
Glad to escape the daily threat of Indian braves,  
Who hovered, ever nearer, on their flank,  
To make new filling for the latest paleface graves.

## WHY EVOLUTION IS SLOW.

In passing from the prehistoric man  
To modern financiers and men of state,  
Five hundred million years, they estimate,  
Have aided evolution through their span.  
And yet but little progress do we scan,  
That physical or mental growths create,  
Which all those weary years might vindicate,  
In carrying out a universal plan!

Because ideals held have been too crude,  
Because of thirst of riches and of power.  
Robbing one's neighbors, and such ugly brood!!  
When love of man and love of God endower  
High purpose, and are hailed with gratitude,  
Man will evolve at once, in perfect flower!!

## CRYSTAL ROBES.

### I

The woman of these modern days  
Must lace in clear transparent stays,  
In nothingness that well displays  
The latest style.

### II

Her hair is beautiful, you see,  
Her crowning glory, easily,  
The color's fast, and gallantry  
Forbids a smile.

### III

Her bodice must be made of glass,  
Yet, whether real or false, alas!  
Her graces we can never class,  
Nor reconcile.

### IV

While softer air with virtue flirts,  
The clouds are called upon for skirts,  
Whose fleecy brevity asserts  
Her nifty wile.

### V

With stockings made of silk, 'tis true,  
Diaphanous, of fleshly hue,  
She bravely strives to youth renew  
With pretty guile.

### VI

And yet, though scantily costumed,  
She is bejewelled and perfumed,  
And oft, magnificently plumed  
To charm the while.

## THE MERCIFUL NIMRODS.

Oh! there were two boys from Alto,  
Out a-looking for some birds!  
With their double barrelled shot-guns,  
And their shells too strong for words!  
That-a-boy!

First they saw a flock of rock doves,  
Flying streaks of brilliant blue,  
When they thought to shoot and kill them,  
Off they go on wings anew!  
That-a-boy!

"They resemble bits of heaven,"  
One declared, "and should be spared!"  
Said the other, "Much too pretty  
To be shot, as if none cared.  
That-a-boy!"

Then they saw a big jack rabbit,  
Loping off with natural fear,  
But they hated killing this one,  
For he seemed all leg and ear.  
That-a-boy!

"Cotton-tails are made for dinner,"  
Said the elder, "But not that";  
"No," the younger said, "let's go now,  
I would sooner eat a bat!  
That-a-boy!"

Then they ran across a rattler,  
Who was lying in the path,  
And he coiled to spring upon them,  
Giving notice of his wrath!  
That-a-boy!



## THE MERCIFUL NIMRODS.

“Santa Rita’s Ghost,” said Josie,  
“Diamond backs look poor to me”;  
“By the Great Horned Toad,” said Albert,  
“We must have this pathway free.  
That-a-boy!”

So they shot the snake and killed him,  
Hung his rattles on a limb;  
Thought their hunting had been useful,  
Ridding our sweet world of him,  
That-a-boy!!

## THE HOLY BIRTHDAY.

The longest nights, the shortest days are here,  
And with them come the hours of merry cheer,  
When air is fresh and cold, and sky is clear,  
For Christ is born to-day!

Then carol loud and fast, all warblers now!  
While we in thankfulness our hopes avow,  
And heads in piety and homage bow,  
For Christ is born to-day!

## HOMER.

Our Master Homer marched with feet rough shod,  
Nor did he often wink or nod!  
His way was thorny and with foes beset,  
Yet many friends he daily met!  
He thundered loud and strong,  
And pictured every wrong;  
He swept his warriors o’er the plain,  
And filled the echoing air with wanton cries;  
To help avenge the hurt and slain,  
He brought the Gods themselves down from the skies!

## HOMER.

He gave his virile heroes, godlike gaze,  
    Endowed them with contentious ways;  
His gods he formed in common human mould,  
    Just grander men, or pirates bold!  
    His women were above  
    All, in the arts of love;  
    Were model mothers, wives or queens,  
And some like Helen had angelic face,  
    Though laden with the scantiest means,  
To conquer all with its cherubic grace.

Homer, Master of the epic singers,  
    Circling with celestial wingers  
In the upper realms of heavenly nature,  
    Wonderful in life's portraiture;  
    Gallies outward going,  
    Fighting, praying, beauing;  
    Gaily killing,  
    With the omens ireful,  
    And fulfilling  
    Prophecies so direful;  
    Hunting  
    Wrongs for righting,  
    Fronting  
    Foes for fighting,  
    Acts of strength applauding,  
    Splendid victories lauding,  
Making proverbs while men quarrelled,  
Writing bible for all Greek believers,  
    Glorious Homer, many laurelled,  
Homer! Master of the epic weavers!!

## FROM DAYS OF OLD.

The comic singers of this town  
Reveal astounding nerve,  
Repeating jests of some old clown,  
That long ago did serve.  
For Adam told the same to Eve  
In days before the orc!  
And now they come again to peeve,  
In up-to-date New York!

The end men in the minstrel show  
Produce some clever quips,  
That had publicity we know,  
Before the days of ships!  
When Noah with his dusky son,  
Without the aid of cork,  
Told jokes, that now have season's run,  
In up-to-date New York!

The jokers on this city's stage  
Rely on ancient wit,  
And badinage, renowned for age,  
Again for us is writ!  
Methusaleh, ten thousand times  
Told some that knew not fork,  
That now are sprung on us in rhymes,  
In up-to-date New York!

The masters of the monologue,  
Who try to make us laugh,  
Though starting like a demagogue,  
End up with classic gaff!  
The stories that Abe Lincoln told,  
In days of cheap salt pork,  
Still serve the front of stage to hold,  
In up-to-date New York!!!

FEB 13 1923

# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. ~~12~~ 13

JANUARY, 1923.

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Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

## CONTENTS.

LINCOLN, and other sonnets. ODE TO THE PILGRIMS,  
CATHERINE, etc. All by Josiah Bond.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We recognize the man in bronze or stone,  
Or pictured in a score of different ways,  
But always realize the hope of days,  
The majesty by which he can be known.  
What though his hair is roughed? his every bone  
Is grandly awkward? or his clothes amaze?  
His wrinkled trousers bagging where he prays?  
Or coat tails flapping as he walks alone?

His purpose did not flap, or blindly grope!  
His spiritual bone was stiffened from above!  
His courage did not bag, nor shelter wrong!  
This homely man was all a nation's hope!  
He gained the world's esteem, respect and love!  
We praise him and admire: in prose and song!!



## TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### GOING EAST.

The blood of martyrs is the seed  
From which comes growth; so while they bleed,  
They know they're laying fast, foundations deep,  
On which are built great truths; from which we reap  
Results, when time is ripe!  
The Pilgrims furnish type  
Of heroes forced to leave their home,  
And through strange lands defenseless roam,  
Seeking asylum from the pride-drunk kings,  
And lust of power, that anguish broadcast flings!

### GOING WEST.

But Holland could not long content  
Such self-denying men, strong bent  
On worshipping in freedom. Shortly they  
Decided with God's help to make their way  
Across, in ordered haste,  
The almost trackless waste  
Of threatening waters, to a shore  
More trackless: not a hand it bore  
To show the path that they with Faith must tread,  
Except God's hidden hand stretched out ahead!

### SETTLING DOWN.

And why did God preserve these hardy souls?  
Where ocean rolls?  
Where wintry blasts bechill, to death almost,  
Along that coast,  
Which welcomed them in awe,  
To be redeemed by law!!  
Until at last emerged a race,  
Whose eyes no more shed tears!  
Whose hearts no more knew fears!  
The Pilgrim with the saint-like face!  
Whose seed has earned this goodly plenteous land,  
Supported all these years by God's strong hand!!

## WAITING FOR THE BLAST.

The holes to proper depth are neatly drilled,  
The men fetch up the potent dynamite,  
The charge is gently placed, to expedite  
The breaking; fuses capped and all fulfilled:  
The trains of powder hiss; the men are stilled  
To wait until the wicked charges smite;  
The smoke escapes and then with much delight,  
They rush into the face with senses thrilled.

For just ahead of each shift's eager round,  
Lies willing Fortune, waiting to be seized,  
Regarded by the men with faith profound.  
But Fortune must be workmanly appeased,  
Before submitting to be snugly bound,  
Although thereafter she is truly pleased.

## EL CAMINO REAL.

The royal road from South to Santa Cruz  
Was scene of racial strife in early day,  
When holy venturers were on their way  
To bring the gospel, and its truths diffuse.  
And later on, the civil war renews  
The ravages; the bold Apaches flay  
Their victims, whether babe or ancient gray,  
Regardless of their sex, to count more coups.

And was there any special beauty spot,  
That held the love of dashing pioneer,  
Between it and the road was burial plot!!  
To hold a body, slain for next man's cheer,  
Each weary mile held grave, long since forgot,  
Of those brave men, who brought us moderns here!!

## IMMORTALITY.

Sometimes the poets ridicule the flow  
Of song in honor of the manly traits,  
That gifted men display; whenever fates  
Are kind enough to give their heroes show!  
So Horace in his finest lyric glow!  
So Sydney, who the art illuminates!  
And even Father Shakespeare deprecates  
The waste in rhyming in his folio.

But when a poet's able to mature,  
For lofty principles that he reveres,  
Or deeds that he admires, while they endure,  
Or thoughts at which he wonders, while he hears,  
Judgments reflecting the age-long mind of pure  
And honest men; such will survive the years!

## HENRY MARION HOWE.

Though iron is the most important tool  
Of man, since days of good old Tubal Cain,  
And its utilities have long been plain,  
There was but little known of it by rule,  
Until this generation went to school  
To this wise man, who helped the laws explain  
Of allotropes, and thus new states to gain,  
And new alloys, when molten mixtures cool!

His father fought to free the harried Greek!  
His mother wrote the slave-unshackling song!  
But he did more to raise the poor and weak,  
By loosing knowledge from its ancient thong!  
With unexampled clearness did he speak,  
And so to meet new problems, left us strong!!

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

### I.

My beauty sleep is gently broken  
By melodies beneath the eave;  
Reëchoed soon from the oaken  
Copses wherein the mockers weave  
Fantastic catches to deceive  
The careless warblers! far from scorning,  
I'm glad his solos sweetly deave!  
The mocking bird in the morning!!

### II.

I haste to listen, thus awoken,  
Though still this somewhat may aggrieve;  
I relish him, as a token  
Of momentary, brief reprieve .  
From bores that mere deft phrases thief;  
And also as a solemn warning,  
To waste no time, but sew on sleeve!  
The mocking bird in the morning!!

### III.

And while the early kine unyoken  
Are lowing softly, I believe  
I hear the muse, thus bespoken  
By these gay birds; as air to cleave,  
They bring forth trills, their air pipes heave,  
The highest vocal art adorning,  
That no bird else will e'er achieve!  
The mocking bird in the morning!!

### ENVOY.

He pipes his own clear score at eve,  
But he's at best, when he's suborning  
Some bird: of his throatings to bereave!  
The mocking bird in the morning!!



## CATHERINE.

Sweetest angel coming  
To this sun-kissed domain!  
Catherine develops  
Like the soft up-pushing grain.  
Father knows his angel  
Has not come in vain,  
And he loves the visitor  
To the sun-kissed domain.

Sweetest angel coming  
To a long waiting heart!  
Catherine is God-sent  
Like a miracle of art.  
Mother knows her angel  
Will act a faithful part,  
And she loves the visitor  
To a long waiting heart.

Sweetest angel coming  
In the first days of spring!  
Catherine much hoped for  
By the brothers welcoming.  
Brothers know their angel,  
Fear she will take wing,  
And they love the visitor  
In the first days of spring.

Sweetest angel coming  
From the kind heavens above!  
Catherine awaited  
By the sister with her love.  
Sister knows her angel  
Will be hand and glove,  
And she loves the visitor  
From the kind heavens above.

## PHILIP VAN NESS MYERS.

He takes us to the earliest monuments;  
He introduces us to men of old,  
To pharaohs, tyrants and dictators bold,  
To idle folk, to chiefs of diligence,  
When organized for plunder or defense;  
To great adventurers: to the sway of gold  
And commerce wide; and accurately told,  
Before us sets man's loves and discontents!!

He shows us heroes, and the vicious too;  
He guides us neatly through the tangled maze  
Of race and culture, and himself true blue,  
With clarity and truth, dispels the haze,  
Bringing before us in one wide-spread view,  
The errors and exploits of other days!!

## A PIONEER.

Joyous the thought that gave him royal name,  
Old memories of glories brought to mind,  
Since first he saw the light; by bonds confined  
In fertile Badger prairies: captious fame,  
Ambition gentle, and location tame,  
Have carefully concealed his talents kind,  
But still he railroads and big works designed,  
Opening rich dominions to reclaim.

New lands cropped new resolves and new results,  
During the busy years that followed next:  
Paid well, and cooled his ever ardent pulse,  
Ironed his temper and his nerves unvexed,  
Kith brought him tolerance of curious cults,  
Endearing sermons preached from honest text!!

## JERKY.

To make it: catch a fattened calf;  
But not your own. That, is to laugh,  
And get too much good-natured chaff,  
From all your cronies!!  
For cowboys will the lawless quaff,  
Astride their ponies.

Then take the meat with careful snips,  
And cut it into narrow strips  
Without a bone; and as it drips,  
Let it be salted:  
Then on a line with wooden clips,  
In turn exalted.

The salt's to keep the flies away,  
And stop the natural decay,  
Till Arizona can display  
Its drying powers.  
Now let it harden day by day,  
And keep from showers.

And when it gets as hard as rock,  
All dried up like a wooden block,  
Then, put it in a covered crock,  
And call it jerky;  
For thus 'tis known from Frisco's dock  
To Albuquerque.

To use it needs a hammer's clash,  
An anvil hard on which to smash  
It into shreds; a thorough mash  
Prepares the jerky!  
And some men think it makes a hash,  
As good as turkey!!!

APR 10 1923

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## CONTENTS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, a Chant Royal; THE EASTER CROWN, and other sonnets; TWILIGHT, IRIS, all by Josiah Bond.

### THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Born in old Albemarle, on Blue Ridge slope,  
Among the freedom loving citizens  
Of red, deep-bottomed clay; as heliotrope  
Turns to the sun, so turn the words and pens  
Of such a yeomanry to liberty,  
And manifold defects of slavery!  
How couldst thou but absorb the doctrines sown  
In such a fertile soil, with free flowers blown?  
Though far from influence of Puritan,  
Thou still must rightly think in freedom's zone,  
For thou art Jefferson, the friend of man!!

### II

Thou learnest soon to dance! thy horse to lope!  
To play the violin! and like the wrens  
To sing a little! to ignore the Pope!  
To till the acres broad, and drain the fens!

PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA.



## THOMAS JEFFERSON.

At college learnest thou geometry,  
And calculus and some philology;  
    Enough to cause desire to stir the unknown,  
    Eschew deceptive rattle of the bone,  
Upon the turn of card to put a ban,  
    And never quarrel though thou backst the roan!  
For thou art Jefferson, the friend of man!!

### III

Thy earliest reform, with which to cope,  
    Is to protect the exercise of men's  
Religious fancies and the sacred hope,  
    That has possessed the hearts of many a gens!  
For thou believest it hypocrisy,  
To label one man's God an enemy!  
    For all men can not see the light that shone  
    Above the stable bed; nor will atone  
One's words for one's beliefs; nor churchly plan  
    Bring safe to heaven one indifferent grown!  
For thou art Jefferson, the friend of man!!

### IV

The greatest problem of thy life—to grope  
    For which required an optimistic lens—  
The equality of man!!! for lack of scope  
    Had long prevented the release of tens  
Of thousands from the grip of monarchy,  
And their enfranchisement by destiny:  
    By wiping out of government the drone,  
    Refusing reverence to a guilty throne,  
And trying to become American!  
    And stand erect as thou! no longer prone!  
For thou art Jefferson, the friend of man!!

## THOMAS JEFFERSON

### V

While thou wast gone, they gave away thy rope!  
The Constitution favoring slavers' dens!  
While thou wast President, thou didst not mope,  
But didst thy best to clean the robbers' glens;  
By line and precept and by homily  
To turn the tendency from tragedy:  
To give mankind some bread and not a stone,  
Returning to the people, cheer for moan;  
And then to show the use of partisan,  
Clearing the air, like curative cyclone!  
For thou art Jefferson, the friend of man!!

### ENVOY.

Thou art the Apostle of Democracy!!!  
And come to make the world of subjects free!  
But little canst thou do, if all alone,  
So urgest thou each one to bring his pone,  
And victual up old Freedom's caravan,  
And so make Liberty his very own!  
For thou art Jefferson, the friend of man!!

### LIKE AS LIKE.

As a fawn, still mothered, breathless  
Stands upon a rocky hillside,  
In discretion that seems deathless,  
While his mother at the rillside,  
Drinks her fill!

So a damsel, clean and noble,  
Going to her first gay party,  
Stands aside, discreet, immobile,  
While her mother, brisk and hearty,  
Shows her skill!!

## TWILIGHT.

When the darkness fast is gaining,  
And the little light remaining,  
Is now slowly, surely waning,  
    On the summits of the hills;  
Feel we then so mean and little,  
And our minds are meek and brittle,  
Near as small as book-worm's tittle,  
    As the orb of day fulfills  
    Its last ordered bit of thrills,  
    In the evening's sudden chills,  
    On the summits of the hills.

Then there comes a good occasion,  
Both to try some sweet persuasion,  
And to help a quick evasion,  
    As the black devours the white;  
In our hours of recreation,  
We must try quick application  
To secure some realization  
    Of the wrongs to change to right,  
    Not in glare of noon-day light,  
    But in shadows of the night,  
    As the black devours the white.

## IRIS.

Incarnate modesty art thou,  
With virtue haloed on thy brow,  
All ready for the sacred vow  
    To glorify!  
Immortal is thy innocence,  
When winds thy body reverence,  
And only clouds around thee fence,  
    From curious eye.

## THE EASTER CROWN.

At Easter time the clouds roll round the peaks  
In heavy banks that vanish in the cold  
Of lesser hours, but with the dawn unfold  
And nestle on the mountain's dimpled cheeks.  
Still later when the sun through gray shades streaks,  
The fleecy downy billows gather bold,  
Marked with rich rosy tints and tinged with gold,  
As nature in diviner beauty speaks.

Then Santa Rita dons her Easter bonnet,  
To celebrate the rising of the Lord,  
With blushing buds and posies glistening on it,  
In joyful witness of new life outpoured.  
Full worthy of a glorious sparkling sonnet  
That will attempt a paeon to record.

## THE DEVOTED MOTHER.

O thou, who hidest under stones all day,  
And slavest all the night to gather feed  
For the many offspring of thy fiercer breed,  
And who rejoicest in most fatal fray!  
Carrying thy young in single file relay  
Upon thy back; responding to their need;  
Thou art the model mother octopede,  
Whom these thy infants as in duty slay!!

Fine type of motherhood, to immolate  
Thyself for good of thy descendant brood!  
While they thy days of living terminate!  
Thou dost thy ministrations thus conclude,  
That will no doubt thy young emancipate,  
Without a thought of later gratitude!!!



## DO NOT PUT OFF.

Procrastination, going down the hill,  
Finds easy the descent, and never sees  
The rolling rocks, the tangle rooted trees,  
The gaping holes, and so has many a spill!  
Determination, rising from the rill,  
Lets rolling rocks pass clearly through her knees,  
And roots and holes alike with care she flees,  
To hasten up with settled steadfast will!

Then let us not put off or shun the fray!  
Which does more harm than contest fierce and rough;  
For we but suffer for our own delay!  
We must get at our work, however tough,  
And finish up our tasks, each in its day,  
That heaven may say to us, when done, "Enough!!"

## TRUE LOVE.

Oh! for the love that twinkles from her eye,  
That sparkles like a coronal of stars,  
Loosing celestial light as scimitars,  
And raising spirit and ambition high!  
Drying the infant's tears! when maidens sigh!  
Neglecting not the boldest son of Mars!  
And curing, for the old, life's deeper scars!  
By ministrations, loving, gentle, shy!!

Every one that feels her charm, loves her!  
I, most of all, to whom she brings her love,  
Not as a suppliant, seeking earthly aid,  
Nor begging my regard, but visitor  
In guise of welcome sharer from above,  
My sweet-voiced, blue-eyed, saucy, dimpled maid!!

## REASONS WHY.

A newly married woman once complained  
To friendly matron of experience  
That she could not well understand the sense  
Of three meals every day! The tired, strained  
And nervous work of washing dishes stained,  
And same old round of tiresome diligence,  
That notwithstanding urge towards excellence,  
A woman was to vicious routine chained.

The older woman laughed and gave a sigh.  
“Husbands and sons and daughters,” then she said,  
“Will study, play and read, and each will try  
To work alone; and even lie abed,  
But thank the Lord, the family all will vie  
To be on hand, and help you break your bread.”

## AN ARIZONA SPRING.

Spring comes to start new growth! The peach trees bloom;  
The apricots grow white; anemones  
Lift faces to the wind; asperities  
Are past; sweet odors all the air perfume!  
And Winter, that reluctant, knows its doom,  
At last prepares to end its energies;  
But loth to leave, it takes upon its knees  
The infant spring, and flirts to banish gloom!

The periwinkle and the violet,  
The graceful vetches and the nodding flags,  
The gentle spirit of new birth beget!  
While all the smiling world, howe'er it wags,  
Its face to better things has firmly set,  
As Winter hoar with Spring coquetting lags!!

## HOW TO SAY IT.

### I

I met a boy the other day,  
Who said he saw a porpoise,  
From farther point of Boston Bay,  
And large fresh water tortoise!

### II

And later on I saw a man,  
Devouring heads of lettuce,  
Who told about an ortolan,  
Led in by soup of tortoise!

### III

The selfsame day another one  
Repeats the curious love noise,  
That he had heard at set of sun,  
Low chanted by a tortoise!

### IV

A-calling to his hidden mate,  
With such a droll, demure voice,  
Well down below the garden gate,  
An old terrestrial tortoise!

### V

Because it laid its eggs, despite  
The darkness, which at night is,  
Another thought, he thought, that quite  
A brave thing is the tortoise.

### VI

As if each one had part rehearsed,  
Like well-directed actress,  
They talked and thoughtfully conversed  
About the humble tortoise!

### VII

'Tis thus the English tongue is used  
Upon the summer beaches,  
While listeners are much amused  
To hear pronounced the tortoise!!

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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Supreme creation of the great creator, and again,  
Long worshipped as a God, thyself, by reverential men!  
—*Arizuma.*

## CONTENTS.

THE SUN, Chant Royal. THE TWO GATES, a Riddle,  
MAY, and other sonnets, THE MIMIC, THE THREE  
MOUNTAINS. TO ALL FRIENDS. All by Josiah Bond.

### THE SUN.

#### A CHANT ROYAL.

##### I.

The Sun am I! Impartial I bestow  
The blessings of effulgent light and heat!  
Upon my brilliant rhythmic round I go,  
And daily kindly benefits repeat!  
Around me circle, feeling no remorse,  
My planets and their satellites in force,  
Each adding to the glare of ether's ways  
Its dull reflective share of my own rays;  
And hurrying all on quest of duty, send  
Abroad their lesser flare of molten daze:  
I am the SUN! Beginning, Now and End!!

##### II.

The earth was but a piece of plastic dough,  
Cast by centrifugal rotation fleet;  
And all the other planets, even though  
Yclept for Gods of Capitol's high seat!

PRESS OF  
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY  
LANCASTER, PA.



## THE SUN.

Jupiter, God of Light, and Saturn coarse,  
Fair Venus, whom all faithful loves endorse,  
    Red Mars, the symbol of the Bravo's craze,  
    Hot footed Mercury, so near my blaze,  
Uranus, he from whom the gods descend,  
    Are infants to my long observing gaze,  
I am the SUN! Beginning, Now and End!!

### III.

The constellations of the heavens glow,  
    The banded Zodiac chains my eager feet;  
The Goat that ushers in the ice and snow,  
    The Crab, retreating from his summer beat,  
The Scorpion that the Bowman would unhorse,  
The Bull with blazing and bestarred concourse,  
    The Ram, the sacrifice of him who slays,  
    The Lion, sign of fire, in older lays;  
Were named by men, who long ago did fend,  
    Though they and I were old in life's affrays;  
I am the SUN! Beginning, Now and End!!

### IV.

Waters that o'er this earthly surface flow,  
    The summer winds that wave the fields of wheat,  
The rain that makes the swelling harvests grow,  
    And even devastating hail and sleet,  
That cause all men from Ethiop to Norse  
To fain consider me as last resource:  
    The rocks, upon whose sides the lightning plays,  
    The soil, in which matures my faithful maize,  
Are all creations of my own, to lend  
    To man my best, to be his helps and stays;  
I am the SUN! Beginning, Now and End!!

## THE SUN.

### V.

And yet my orbit is too brief, I trow,  
To count as any part of TIME replete;  
The pendulum that wavers to and fro,  
May just as well eternal durance mete!  
And while I shine on mead and vale and gorse,  
Their youth reminds me of some jaunty torse,  
The paucity that silently inveighs  
Against a pride that boasts of length of days;  
My dying years with man's antiqueness blend,  
And teach us all, that each in turn decays,  
I am the SUN! Beginning, Now and End!!

### ENVOY.

Dear Mortals! made of various sorts of clays,  
Remember well whom TIME alone obeys!  
No more to me your knees in worship bend,  
Although to you, who sing your songs of praise,  
I am the SUN! Beginning, Now and End!!

## THE TWO GATES.

### I.

Out of that gate, we all have come!!  
The most illustrious and wise!  
The foe and next of kin!  
The serious and the frolicsome!  
The giants and the small in size!  
Though none can enter in!!!

### II.

And through this gate we all must go!  
The sinful and the sanctified!  
The yielding and the stern!  
The rich and poor! the high and low!  
The meek as well as man of pride!  
Though no one can return!!!

## TO ALL FRIENDS.

When I look back upon a long and varied life  
And think of all the kindly friends I've had;  
Some animate, who've helped me in the bitter strife;  
Human companionship, both seer and lad!  
Four-footed wishers, dogs and horses,  
That transmigration well endorses!  
Besides the great inanimate  
Creation far and wide,  
As seen on every side!  
Sierras in their lonely state!  
The wooded hills and boxed-up rivers,  
That give the stranger creeping shivers!  
I'm filled with urgent need to pay with thanks,  
For horse that carries me, for dog that vigil keeps,  
For minds from which I learn, for mountain ranks,  
And every guiding star that through the heavens creeps!

## THE MIMIC.

### 1.

Upsprings from his locker,  
The venturesome mocker,  
To sing his royal notes,  
Before he swiftly floats,  
In wavy course from bush to bush,  
Propelling with his gentle push,  
His white wings catching eye,  
As swings he soaring nigh,  
And working so hard,  
For our kind regard:  
The mocker,  
The slocker,  
Oh! gay is he, when once he stops,  
Upon the highest of tree-tops;  
The mocking bird,  
His glories heard,  
His notes before me dances,  
And my gayest hours entrances!!

## THE MIMIC.

### 2.

I sit in my rocker,  
Enjoying the mocker,  
Singing his soul away,  
As one who greets the day  
With ecstasy, and who repeats  
His racy song with glad heart beats!  
He whistles cheerily,  
And never wearily,  
Or warbles aloud  
Or flies far from cloud;  
The mocker,  
The slocker,  
Oh! merry is the tune he sings,  
While ever restive are his wings,  
The mocking bird,  
My spirit stirred,  
My leaping soul uplifted,  
With his melody wind-drifted!

### 3.

There's never a knocker,  
Who sneers at the mocker,  
When throwing out his soul,  
And trying to cajole  
His plainer mate, composing air  
For her delight, so debonnair,  
So gay, so vehement,  
With voice so eloquent,  
He startles the one,  
For whom he begun;  
The mocker,  
The slocker,  
O charming singer of the hills!  
O busy maker of sweet thrills!  
The mocking bird,  
By all preferred,  
Come swell your vocal measures,  
And so double all our pleasures!



## THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

I  
a m  
O l d  
Baldy!!  
In the sky;  
About my top  
Great eagles fly.  
Upon my sides rich mines  
Give yield, which at my feet  
Great forests shield, And from my head  
The march of souls, afar reviewed, my heart cajoles!

O gray white  
dome! Of all the range  
Most solid and devoid of change!  
Whose rounded sides are clothed with green,  
Protecting the game from the hunters keen, Whose  
shallow canyons pour Their waters down with sullen roar!

My head is flat,  
My slopes are steep,  
Long winding trails my  
foot-hills sweep, Dark  
opaled caves, beneath  
the crest, In silent calm, the  
centuries breast, And irised colors  
furnish the key; To former Tertiary sea!!

## MAY.

And now comes vivid May, the month of flowers!  
When blooming marvels rise, to break the spell  
Cast over human minds by winter's knell,  
With sparkling prodigies in nature's bowers!

The balmy wind of May, earth's surface dowers,  
From breezy mountain top to sheltered dell,  
With poppy, purple pease and chaste bluebell,  
Whose sweet and wholesome scent our sense o'erpowers!

Awake ye scented blooms, in praise of God!  
Lift up your crested heads and greet the day!  
Inspire with hope the souls of those who plod  
The mortal paths of our immortal clay!  
And as ye glory with your gayest nod,  
Proclaim to all mankind the glow of May!!

## DAWN.

### Second Version.

The stars are fading in the western sky,  
The east is bathed in ever lighting glow,  
Terrestrial objects now begin to show,  
The mountain night wind is about to die!  
The merry birds tune up with peep and cry,  
The joyous roosters chant their second crow,  
The grazing horses whinny soft and low,  
Aurora stretches, and the day is nigh!

Thus cometh day on day, with hope anew!  
Achievement is a call we can not shirk.  
'Tis thus the world from slight beginnings grew,  
By ever doing well the things we irk!  
So when the grass is glistening with the dew,  
Arise at once, and at thy daily work!!

## THE THREE BLIND DAMES.

There was a man in highly dangerous plight,  
Facing disaster, ruin and defeat,  
Whom Chance had thrown by mystery complete,  
In front of Justice; she, deprived of sight,  
Could only helpless grope in darkest night,  
When Love to rescue came with willing feet,  
And with sweet labor and a will discreet,  
Raised up the prostrate man to godly height!

Now Chance was blind and stumbled through a haze  
Of unforeseen and unexpected throes;  
While Justice too was blind and in a maze  
Was stiffly tied to long forgotten woes;  
But Love, ah! blessed Love! though blind, obeys  
At once, the call to heal misfortune's blows!!

## WHY 1920 HAPPENED?

You wonder what produced the fearful slump!  
And why the Democrats failed all around?  
And how Republicans in one swift bound,  
Regained their courage and their old-time hump?  
Was it the League? Free Trade? or War's rough bump?  
The visions of a strong-willed man uncrowned?  
Or far departed from his stamping ground?  
That brought the dead to life, like Gabriel's trump?

All of these reasons may have played their note,  
And yet a patent cause must not be missed,  
That made impression on the new made vote;  
Three times a day, when conning grocery list,  
The price of sugar got the woman's goat!!  
And may again!!! A simple turn of wrist!

JUL 31 1923

## ARIZONA LYRICS

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Chaste as Minerva.—*An old simile.*

## CONTENTS.

ATHENA, and other sonnets. EVENING SONG.  
 THE COMING OF THE RAINS.  
 TWO RONDEAUS.  
 HARD AND SOFT.

## ATHENA.

Thy chastity, O virgin goddess fair,  
 Deserves the greatest monument of all!  
 When we perceive thee mourning, we recall  
 Thy modesty! when glad, thy virtue rare!  
 Thy temple builded in the Attic glare,  
 Despoiled in Moslem and in Christian brawl,  
 Though ruined near, doth still our hearts enthrall,  
 Magnificent with grace beyond compare!!

Yet man will never need the Parthenon,  
 Nor any other temple, to inspire  
 Respect for purity's pure paragon!  
 Nor will that temple, carved with genius' fire,  
 While ages its harmonious sculptures don,  
 Outlive our praise, or our rapt wonder tire!!!



## EVENING SONG.

Nestle more closely in my arms, sweet one!  
The unknown mysteries of night return,  
The dull fatigue that follows duties done,  
The rest, for which we tired mortals yearn!

If Happy Heart were here, the right to sit  
Upon her lap, you certainly would claim,  
And in her absence, I shall try to fit  
Into her place before the rising flame!

For Happy Heart was centre of this hearth,  
And loved companion of our sweetest hours;  
Who blessed me thrice with happy birth,  
And still a fourth, most welcome of sweet flowers!

The guiding hand of this whole house was hers;  
She was your mother, dear, comrade and wife,  
And one of God's revealing messengers  
Of shining light and radiant heat to life!

Draw near me then, you blessed little one,  
That I may partly fill her place to you;  
For now that we have lost the beaming sun,  
The chill of night is settling with the dew!

So put your trusting hands in one of mine,  
And feel that you are guarded for the night;  
And as you thus our destinies entwine,  
I know the raptures of the parent's rite!

Now sleep my babe! nor wake until the morn!  
Your father watches here with cautious care;  
Your mother, guardian angel, heaven borne,  
Protects you, and awaits your coming there!!

## THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

And now their tedious lessons to recite,  
The katydids along low branches creep;  
The busy June-bugs, swift and tireless, sweep  
Around the ivied walls in buzzing flight;  
The genial crickets' chorus in the night  
Becalmed, but serves to give our senses sleep;  
While through the tranquil air, there pulses deep  
The hoot of wise old owl from mountain height.

It must be songs of thankfulness they sing,  
For that throughout the night they never tire,  
Some glad hosanna they must upward fling,  
Attuned to some unheard celestial lyre!  
Or trilled to some etherial luted string!  
The ceaseless throbbing of an unseen choir!!

## THE TREATY WITH COLOMBIA.

Balboa pushed his way through dank morass,  
Through tangled jungle and malignant pools,  
To claim the largest ocean for the ghouls,  
Who basely murdered him on Acla's grass!  
De Lesseps hoped all records to surpass,  
But stopped by fevers and betrayed by fools,  
Blackmailed by greedy bankers and their tools,  
He perished of a broken heart, alas!

But now we write another paragraph  
More shameful than has ever gone before;  
The cruelty and misrule of ancient staff,  
Miasma and the ills that vexed that shore,  
Are all as comedies at which to laugh,  
Beside this guilty squandering of our store!

## WORK AND REST.

Sunday, the Puritans held, was made for rest;  
The day on which He rested from creation  
Of this delightful world: to them salvation  
Depended on the strictness of attest!  
Now many hold, in this queer time of quest  
Of constant change, that work is occupation  
Proper to Sunday, even inspiration  
Being foresworn, as falling short of best.

It seems it will be just as hard to make  
Some people think the latter as the former;  
Whether to fast or Sunday pies to bake;  
Whether to freeze, or keep one's quarters warmer:  
These are the questions that for conscience' sake,  
Will always stir debaters' blood to armor.

## DYNAMITE.

The wondrous miracle of chemic skill!  
The superhuman rending force we mould  
To our desires and uses manifold!!  
By means of dynamite we level hill,  
And in the valley build up grade and fill;  
With it we mine the useful iron old,  
Electric copper and the minted gold;  
And with it follow up the miner's drill.

It gives us mountain railroad, side-hill pike;  
Enables us through solid rock to wear:  
It cuts through yielding lode, and stubborn dike,  
And brings the ore to top for us to share.  
With modern miners underground—alike  
With ancient Greeks—by Hercules we swear!!

## THE COMING OF THE RAINS.

A country waiting for much wanted flood,  
That will from heaven by mercy's God be spilt,  
To cover all the land with rain and mud,  
Sounding about a resurrecting lilt,  
Equivalent of Spring, the careless jilt!  
Which starts the rocky canyon's sullen roar,  
And brings to life the fund of georgic lore,  
Made useful once again by filling drains;  
The end that urges all men to implore  
The annual return of summer rains!!

The sun had turned all growth a grayish rud,  
Had burnished all the granites to the hilt,  
Had filled all life with superheated blood,  
Had plated higher peaks with shining gilt,  
Had desiccated mountains as they tilt,  
Had warmed the fertile valleys to the core,  
Had dulled the cottonwood and sycamore,  
Had held the earth itself in cruel pains,  
And caused the world to pray that God restore  
The annual return of summer rains!!

Now Pima winds across the country scud,  
The aborigines resort to sturdy stilt,  
The glowing desert decorates with bud  
And blossom, weaving varicolored quilt,  
While business and exchange anew are built;  
Because our Lord has opened heaven's door;  
Water descending steadily will pour  
Its miracle upon the barren plains;  
As sweeps in joy across the desert floor,  
The annual return of summer rains!!

While over grateful furrows, restless tore  
Heaven's sweet waters, and kind nature wore  
Her old time cheer, and hope for growing grains,  
That could not come about, until clouds score  
The annual return of summer rains!!!



## CHEER.

The cheerful soul fulfills most happy ends;  
Inspired by love of God and all mankind,  
Not only keeping heartiness in mind,  
But also spreading heart to all his friends.  
Restraint with sweet consideration blends,  
And both with kindly pleasantries fast bind  
The various troubles of this human grind,  
While harmony its own alliance lends.

Where cheer is, there is concord and content;  
For cheerful spirit acts as lubricant:  
Perplexities retreat, and confident  
Attempts are made, to hush the disputant;  
Thus time in friendly intercourse is spent,  
While kindly courtesies our minds enchant.

## OUR BABY.

O little blue eyed babe with dimpled face,  
But just arrived from that celestial dome,  
Where babies are designed of precious loam,  
Come quicken life, and brighten up this place.  
At once our tender heart strings interlace  
When such a one forgathers in our home,  
To follow us in vision as we roam,  
Marvel of winning ways and happy grace.

She brought a bit of heaven in her descent,  
A sparkle and a brightening from on high,  
But heaven made her dumb and impotent,  
Lest she should of its secrets testify,  
And we can only guess its ravishment,  
From the brilliant radiance of her sky blue eye!

## RONDEAUS.

### I.

Magnificent the view from our abode  
Among the castled hills. On all there glowed  
The lustrous sun, and over all the peaks  
To furthest limit of the eye were streaks  
Of glory, that from God's own presence flowed!

From height to vale, from crag to garden hoed,  
From rocky pinnacles to winding road,  
And from the ridges to the ribboned creeks,  
Magnificent the view!!

Among the hilltops there is brilliant load  
Of light, distributed in mountain mode,  
High up bald eagles cry far-reaching shrieks,  
The symbol of the race that justice seeks,  
And there, awaiting my impassioned ode,  
Magnificent the view!!

### II.

The peaks are wrapped in pink, as day dons gear,  
And all the eastern sky is blue and clear,  
While overhead the zenith's dazzling bright,  
And only in the west there lingers night,  
Just blushing with the coming dawn's veneer.

We have day's promise of abundant cheer,  
As rotates eastwardly our humble sphere,  
Though still, so far above, in august height,  
The peaks are wrapped in pink!!

And soon the mountain vapors will cohere,  
The fuller day will various tints endear,  
Preparing ever for the welcome sight,  
When the sierras blaze with tonic light;  
Though when the dawn, to-morrow, does appear,  
The peaks are wrapped in pink!!

## HARD AND SOFT.

What is there harder than the rocks  
That make earth's solid crust?  
Outwear all Time's continuous knocks,  
And turn the tempest's thrust?  
Until the promise well fulfils  
The fact, of everlasting hills!

What is there softer than the drops  
Of water falling down?  
To nourish savory country crops,  
And slake the thirst of town?  
To cool the air with welcome showers,  
So soft it never hurts the flowers!

And yet it has been noticed oft,  
That drops of water wear,  
By dint of Time, although so soft,  
The hardest rock laid bare.  
This paradox, which seems absurd,  
Is true enough, by all concurred!

And what is harder than the mind  
Of proud and willful man?  
Who thinks he fills a part entwined  
With all creation's plan?  
He tramples down the things of cheer,  
And tries o'er all to domineer!

And what is softer than the heart  
Of woman, innocent  
Of harsher, or of colder part  
Than how to be content?  
Who makes the very ground seem sweet,  
On which she puts her dainty feet!

Yet frequently we see a case,  
Where woman though so tender,  
Makes hardened man abase his face  
And tribute to her render!  
And this without the aid of Time;  
Which makes it all the more sublime!!

SEP 13 '23

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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"I love all things that cluster round the sea."

JOHN R. MORELAND.

## CONTENTS.

SAILING UNCHARTED WASTES, A Chant Royal,  
ANDREW CARNEGIE, and other sonnets,  
THE PIONEERS, AN HONEST FAITH.

All by Josiah Bond.

## SAILING UNCHARTED WASTES.

### I.

#### THE ARGONAUTS.

I am the Argo, first to sail the brine,  
And carry heroes over ravenous  
And darkling unknown seas. The muses nine  
Have glorified me. Men, impetuous,  
Have oft repeated my long voyage, made  
To those cold shores for sake of gainful trade.  
My oracles my heroes gladly hear,  
Well symbolized by fleece of golden shear,  
Brought back by Jason and his company;  
For gold, most men will cling to and revere!  
I am a turning point of history!!

### II.

#### THE PHOENICIANS.

In days of later Pharaohs, ever shine  
The voyages on waters hazardous,  
By hardy venturers. Of bold design  
Was last of these, that found incredulous



## SAILING UNCHARTED WASTES.

The future multitudes, because the shade  
Of sun, the sailors said, to south was laid,  
    When they were going eastwardly to clear  
    The end of land; while this to them seemed queer,  
To you acquainted with astronomy,  
    It proves where I around the Cape did steer!  
I am a turning point of history!!

### III.

#### THE ADMIRAL.

Santa Maria is my name. Entwine  
    My voyage with the all-magnanimous  
And constant Admiral. Upon a shrine  
    He offered solemn prayer, harmonious,  
And all his work true pieties pervade,  
Though with some gaudy show and gasconade;  
    So that the natives in amazement peer,  
    Forget in admiration, natural fear,  
Acclaim him as their long told majesty,  
    And me as carrier of expected seer!  
I am a turning point of history!!

### IV.

#### THE PILGRIMS.

Mayflower am I, on mission near divine,  
    I cross the seas in weather rigorous.  
Material and ideal, I combine;  
    Despised and exiled, and an incubus  
On all my friends! and having sheathed my blade,  
But hoped with saw and net and busy spade,  
    To start new life on this new hemisphere;  
    A life at once contented and austere;  
Where work will lead to true democracy!!  
    My mission sacred, and my hope sincere!  
I am a turning point of history!!

## SAILING UNCHARTED WASTES.

### V.

#### U. S. AVIATORS.

The Nancy Four am I! Of slender line,  
Of graceful poise, and path ubiquitous!  
A work of art, a marvel superfine,  
I sail the stormy seas with little fuss,  
I mount to heaven's gate at any grade,  
And up or down, I'm not the least afraid!  
I crossed Atlantic depths in my best gear,  
Although the cynics never ceased to sneer!  
The crowning triumph of persistency,  
By aid of scientific engineer!  
I am a turning point of history.

### ALL

Now listen friend! and do not start to jeer,  
And I will gaily my glad voice uprear  
In praise of conquest o'er the uncharted sea,  
Which I shall read into your willing ear!  
I am a turning point of history.

#### THE PIONEERS.

Both Petersen and Clarke were friends of ours,  
With whom we idled various pleasant hours;  
But now they're gone!  
They came into these hills, now, many years,  
Discoverers and sturdy pioneers,  
But now they're gone!  
They opened mining prospects by the score,  
And mined and shipped with courage, long of yore,  
But now they're gone!  
These kind and gentle men no longer mine,  
We miss them from our midst; above they shine,  
For now they're gone!!

## THE REMINISCENCES OF RAPHAEL PUMPELLY.

Up from a pleasant Susquehanna vale,  
He lifts us cheerily to the Morning Star!  
To Corsica, the Danube and the Czar,  
The Great Wall and Japan! Up hill, down dale!  
And thus on foot, on horse, by steam and sail,  
He takes us round the world, with naught to mar!  
And 'tis a life!! But best to me by far,  
Are his great stories of the spiny trail!

But more: he tells us of the paths he walked!  
His mining! Rich researches he began!  
His family, his associates as they talked!  
And thus his tale reveals to us the man!  
The scientist, explorer, never balked!  
The strong resilient American!!

## ANDREW CARNEGIE.

A modern Jason, seeking golden fleece,  
Who started out a simple cottage lad;  
Master of Steel! in dress of iron clad;  
Leader of demi-gods! he ends life's lease.  
His benefactions, year by year, increase,  
Giving great libraries, this boy in plaid,  
Gay youth, grave men, and elders making glad.  
Triumphant democrat! the Friend of peace!

Secluded, saddened by Red Mars' alarms,  
Which he consistent, ever tried to foil,  
He sinks into the busy Reaper's arms!

Surely above, on heaven's kinder soil,  
Amid seraphic love, and cherubs' charms,  
He'll find true peace reward his eager toil!!

## AN HONEST FAITH.

All fairy tales begin with phrasing: "Once upon a time!"  
This phrase is one result of long experience in every clime,  
And represents a natural belief that no event  
That's worth the telling, can be circumscribed by time that's  
    spent!

Now, once upon a time, there lived at lovely Fon du Lac,  
The head of greatest lake, Superior's haven furthest back,  
A simple man, James Edwards, long well known as Captain there,  
Because in earlier days, he captained Calumet so rare,  
The mine of mines, with copper in its purest native state,  
A prince's ransom in its daily yield, continue.

Though long time since he passed the Great Divide, where all  
    must go,

Then—Captain Edwards was a man of sixty years or so;  
And such a man! A Welshman, he; though gallant, brave and  
    true,

What most endeared him to me, was a simplicity that drew  
All hearts to his. And honest in his deeds, though not a fool,  
He had the traits that frequently enable man to rule.  
Not over tall, with breadth of beam, and perfect snow-white hair,  
Well dressed, with high silk hat, he would be noticed anywhere!  
He was a spiritualist, and his sincerity was sure,  
His superstitions being those of men innately pure.

The dramatis personae of this tale, aside from him,  
Were few in number. At the best our entourage was slim,  
In those old days. Of those then present, humbly, I ask grace,  
For they must furnish details I forget, and save the case.  
There might have been at that awed meeting, whom I little knew!



## AN HONEST FAITH.

And some, excited as I was, whose names from memory flew!  
But one I knew, the medium who materialized the dead!!  
A slim, pale-faced, well costumed lass, with chestnut colored head.

Those days the settlement was on a streamlet that began  
Among the woods that lined the bay to which Nemadje ran,  
The Left Hand River, fabled long as an unlucky flow,  
Its current setting up stream half the day in evening's glow;  
At further end of this same bay, the deep St. Louis rolls,  
On whose broad surface, trade was destined to pay heavy tolls,  
As always in the past. For this great stream played noble part  
In all the ancient interchange from prehistoric mart.  
Good port as far as Spirit Island, where Great Manitou  
Resides invisible, and where his subjects came to sue,  
And opposite Superior, was the Minnesota Bar  
A narrow spit of sand, with old stone lighthouse, twinkling far!

The Captain, as becomes all miners, had his mining ground,  
That spread across the ridge, on which in Michigan were found  
The copper mines with which he was familiar, and he thought  
To open it with shaft and drift, to get the ore he sought.  
Before he would commence this work, he wished advice to get,  
From friends of his, who formerly on Keewenaw, in debt  
To nature had become, for happy termination there,  
Of exploration made for ores; which fall to those who dare!  
And he would ask the medium, now the blessed chance had come,  
To visualize these dead friends, that he might their knowledge  
plumb!

For mediums can some supernormal agencies employ,  
To raise departed souls, and with them converse real enjoy.

## AN HONEST FAITH.

Now be it said, to make all clear: the medium's quickened souls,  
Correctly told him where to sink, in ore, exploring holes.

When later, Captain Edwards sunk the shaft as then agreed,  
He found good ore, just as foretold, in manner they decreed.

'Twas Sunday night we gathered to the seance of the dead!  
Which to us all, to me for sure, was creepy, solemn, dread!  
At session held in Captain Edwards' house, though cramped for  
room,

With chairs drawn close and seated in a circle, we entomb  
Ourselves, with lights put out, and only candle's faintish beam  
Within the medium's cabinet, a centerpiece, did gleam.

We clasp our neighbor's hands, that so a proper current runs  
From one to other round the circle, which our senses stuns,  
But which the medium exalts, and gives her vital force,  
And vigorous reach in other realms, for spiritual recourse.  
Without this help, they said, the medium must desist at once,  
And fail to raise the wanted ones. This would ruin for the nonce  
Her spiritual powers. So we, with bated breath, held hand to  
hand,

And I could scarcely breathe at all, as she her triumphs planned,  
When she her skill in various supernatural acts had shown,  
She asked if any in the circle, wished to talk alone  
With friends departed hence. When one or two had used the  
chance,

The Captain asked to see some friends of his for just a glance.

First friend of his was Owen Smith, of whom he questions asks  
About his copper mine, and way to go about the tasks  
Involved. From him receiving satisfactory replies,  
He called another friend, who by sad Acheron now tries  
To reach the gloomy shore, one Griffith Jones; this one in turn,

## AN HONEST FAITH.

Encourages the notion to sink down. With great concern  
He points the proper way, and what results he might expect!  
When this had told him all, he asked the medium to connect  
Him with his friend John Evans, who some years had passed  
before,

And now was waiting for him on the far celestial shore.

With some delay he rose, as each before, in ghostly white:  
A gauntish man, with long thin arms, gray locks, but eyes alight;  
A stern man as would be the captain of unruly crew,  
For he had been a captain with our captain, captains two!!  
Then Captain Edwards asked his questions, and the other sharp  
His answers gave, as one who would reclaim his golden harp  
Without delay. Corroborating all the others said,  
He told the place exact in feet, where work should have its head,  
And where the ore, its width and length and depth, and what its  
ley,

And how to compass it, and take it out, as plain as day.

Meanwhile we waited, thrilled by such a strange experience,  
As though from heaven came the voice; indeed my thought  
intense,

I well recall, had so construed this visit. Being taught,  
Like all in those old times, that after earth came heaven, well  
bought

By living unto God!!! And well convinced that from the pall  
Came living truth were we! And Captain Edwards welcomed all,  
And was about to signal Captain John to disappear,  
When native caution and simplicity led him then to spere:  
“Well, Captain John, in former life we all kept eyes on you!  
“And you were known as boldest liar from the foaming Soo  
“To Minnesota Point; I thank you heartily, God wot!!  
“But Captain John, is what you’re telling me the truth, or not?”



NOV -1 '23

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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O leafless trunks! O curious trees!  
without umbrageous top!  
O giant of the wilds!  
O marvel of the desert crop!!

*Arizuma.*

## CONTENTS.

THE SAGUARO, and other sonnets,  
THE INSECT HARPERS,  
THE MOUNTAIN MOTHER,  
ELUSIVE HARMONIES.

All by Josiah Bond.

## THE SAGUARO.

Thy leafless trunk stands up against the sky,  
Like slender tower on temple consecrate!  
Thy antlers, balconies anticipate,  
From which the watching criers hourly cry!  
Thy straggling branches nod to us awry,  
Thy scented bloom is sign of summer's date,  
Thy heavenly fruit is tempting us to fate,  
While o'er thee desert eagles gravely fly!

The friend of starving man, both meat and drink,  
The stuff with which he deftly builds and weaves,  
The ancient symbol of the desert wastes,  
Around thee in the sand the waters sink,  
Thy trunk hath thorns and hocks in place of leaves,  
Thy fruit celestial, like ambrosia tastes!!



## THE INSECT HARPERS.

### I.

The locust still complains upon  
The needled pines, though heard anon,  
Of Homer and Anacreon,  
So long ago!

### II.

And still his insect roundelay  
Sweet concord makes, as on the day,  
That Eunomus received the bay  
For rhythmic flow!

### III.

Still the grasshopper cuts and eats,  
Lifts up his voice, and does his feats,  
As sung by Riley and by Keats,  
In poets' glow!

### IV.

And still it gives the same delight,  
That Tennyson entwines with height,  
And Akers with his clacking flight,  
To hear him bow!

### V.

The cricket still in nearby lane,  
So softly chirps to make refrain  
For singers sacred and profane,  
In measures slow!

### VI.

And still with Hunt, who gladly chid  
The fiddler in the fire place hid,  
With Holmes, who sings of katydid,  
We kinder grow!

### VII.

The ancient poets and the late,  
Rome's Virgil, Byron, passionate,  
And Wordsworth too, without a mate,  
These harpers know!

### BY GOD'S GRACE.

He came into this world, so pink and wee,  
With lively salutation trebly cried;  
Holding intent, with us to long reside,  
Where welcoming hands stretch out in courtesy.  
He filled our house with childish melody,  
And grew up to the place kind fates provide;  
A never-failing source of joyous pride;  
A gift of God to wish of piety!

And time has made him precious to our care,  
Beyond the price of most exquisite gem,  
That sparkles like a star in upper sphere!  
He came in answer to my suppliant prayer;  
He stays to brighten up my diadem,  
And make a glad existence for us here!!

### THE BRIDE'S THANKS.

My friend: I thank you for the service plate,  
Which shines among my gifts of dainty lace,  
Rare, choice embroidery, an Etruscan vase,  
Exquisite drawn work, spun so delicate,  
And jewels that my wildest wishes sate;  
This dinner silver shall our table grace,  
And ever greet us with its charming face:  
Best gift, presented to me and my mate!

May all my friends as lucky be to get  
Such charming silver as you've sent to me,  
And may kind heaven your time as cheery set,  
As these utensils daily service see!  
This silver has long life, I know by fame,  
May your kind years on this earth be the same!!

## THE FRONTIER MOTHER.

The most inspiring sight I've ever met,  
Is of the matron living at some mine  
Or lonely mountain home, in canyon set,  
Or quite engulfed in sea of oak or pine,  
Who still retains authority divine;  
True shepherdess and priestess of her fold!  
Teaching her little brood the crystalline  
And simple truth, that came of forbears bold!  
Come pray for her, come all ye young and old!!

And ye, with due respect to etiquette,  
Who in cathedrals easily recline,  
To hear the chanting of a paid quartette,  
And honeyed words that learned priests combine,  
To preach a future punishment condign,  
The joys of blessed paradise foretold,  
Or curious mystery of bland design:  
Though ye have in the living faith grown cold,  
Come pray for her, come all ye young and old!!

For she will leave behind her amulet,  
Building in each young frame a sturdy spine,  
And wish to do the right without regret,  
That will their characters in time refine!  
So clothed in purity her face will shine,  
And armed with faith and sense, together rolled,  
She makes for them a loved and sacred shrine,  
Much finer than the ancient arks of gold!  
Come pray for her, come all ye young and old!!

Uprouse all honest souls, to her assign  
The palm for love and duty to this mould;  
Alone she works, let us the prize entwine,  
And call on all to wonder and behold!  
Come pray for her, come all ye young and old!!

## LULLABY.

### CHORUS.

When lazy night comes down to woo,  
As we our evening duties do,  
And busy day dissolves from view,  
Just think how much we love you!

### I

Oh! come! my deep-eyed baby girl,  
My dainty little, satiny pearl,  
Whene'er you want your hair to curl,  
Just ponder how the worlds whirl!

### II

We'll save for you the newest frock,  
And dress you best of all the flock,  
With ribboned toque and gartered sock,  
Just like a pampered peacock!

### III

You are my ever smiling pal,  
My unresisted general,  
Your hold on me is magical,  
Just due to love eternal!

### IV

Whenever life seems sad and slow,  
And ugly stories start to grow,  
And all your friends appear to go,  
Just don't sit down and sorrow!

### V

When Morpheus sends his sleepy blur,  
Oh! do not grumble, do not stir,  
But as the drowsy kittens purr,  
Just sing a song for Father!



## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The sterling character of this great soul:  
His heaven-born genius for the rule of mind:  
And high conceptions of a task assigned:  
Gave him the power to reach the highest goal!  
He brought us Florida, and helped our rôle  
With Doctrine of Monroe, to nations bind;  
Our growth he aided and our lot devined  
Finest American, upon the whole!!

His name is written large among the names,  
Of those who served the land as President,  
And yet he thought that he who fed the flames  
In Congress, or his town, was as God-sent!  
His voice clear ringing for all righteous aims,  
Gave name to him: "The Old Man Eloquent!"

## JOHN ADAMS.

As marched he on his way, with fearless tread,  
Intrepid, and with courage marvellous,  
He strode, a noble type of vigorous  
Adherence to the cause for which he plead!  
Our first ambassador to England's stead,  
He interviewed that tyrant infamous,  
Who thought he would be more obsequious  
Because of price, once set upon his head!!

"I love my own, no other land! King George!"  
The valiant patriot told the gaping king,  
And raised the monarch's never-ending gorge.  
For then we did not send an underling,  
To put on shackles despots wished to forge,  
But man, who could a calm defiance fling!!!

## ELUSIVE HARMONIES.

I sing with all my might and will,  
The songs I love to sing!  
Though much I fear, I lack the skill,  
To make them grandly ring!  
Songs which my faculties perceive,  
But which my throat unwilling leave!!

Yet though I sing with roughened voice,  
Which only, others hear,  
My soul exults with rapture choice,  
As harmonies appear  
To form themselves in strains, combined  
In lyric measures in my mind!

However it may sound to those  
Who make the critic band,  
To me, my singing sweeter goes  
Than any chorus grand!  
Sweet melody and cadence full,  
Soft concord from the music pull!!

For though I may not voice the chords,  
They vibrate in my breast,  
So tuneful are the rhythmic hoards  
That well up from my chest;  
I feel them as they sing to me,  
Although I may not set them free.

Then weary not, my soul! to sing  
For fear of strangers' scorn!  
Who can not know how gladdening  
Each note to me is born,  
And such angelic music makes,  
That thus my song of heaven partakes!!!

## THE MODERN SCOURGE.

When I was young, and breaking all the rules,  
They told me that the devil took small boys,  
Who violated laws of moral poise,  
And frightened me to death, as one befools.  
But now there are much more effective tools,  
To wit, the germs, those marvellous envoys,  
That come without prewarning or a noise,  
In vast uncountable destroying schools!!!!

While I had only one to cause me fright,  
And one that good behavior served to scare,  
My children have a trillion germs to fight  
In every quart of milk: and though one stare,  
He can not see a germ with sharpest sight,  
Although he's told that they are always there!!

## THE PAPAGON.

The wind that blows across the desert sands  
Is called by us the Papagon, bechilled  
And raw in winter, and in spring refilled  
With nipping airs, that weaken morbid glands,  
And spread distempers in the valley lands:  
Again in torrid summer is distilled  
From wide, hot, desiccated flats untilled;  
And hardly in the fall, good will commands.

So is it in this life!! Wherever spreads  
The freezing breath of envy, or the biting  
Poison of rumor, or the blazing threads  
Of ugly slander, or the constant fighting  
For shelter in the midst of trampled shreds;  
There: still so much remains for human spiting.

# ARIZONA LYRICS

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Copyright, 1924, by Josiah Bond.  
Another year now brings with laugh and tear,  
The gifts and promise of the glad New Year.  
*Arizona Lyrics.*

## CONTENTS.

JANUARY, and other sonnets of the months.

### JANUARY.

Beginning of the year, we consecrate  
This month to Janus, double-faced, with eye  
That sees how all things past and future lie!  
For new adventures now again await,  
New resolutions new effects create,  
New actions in their time will fructify,  
New mercies and new friendships multiply,  
And new year high ambitions liberate!

Our ancients called it wolf-month, ominous  
From living and from dead inclemencies;  
To us it is a month of generous  
Rejoicing ere the spring's anxieties  
Can usher in another hazardous  
Recurrence of the annual drolleries.



## FEBRUARY.

The sun now rises sooner each clear morn,  
And broken is the back of winter wild!  
The Anglo-Saxons called it Sun Month Mild,  
A name well chosen for this land of thorn!  
For here, this month, the weather would adorn  
An Eden. Candlemas if nature smiled,  
The cold would linger, but if clouds up-piled,  
Warm days would come as sure as you are born!!

This month, though shortest, turns the winter's scale  
And throws aside its alabaster robe;  
It is the time of expiation's veil,  
When we our wickedness and frailties probe;  
In ashes and in sack our sins bewail,  
And try to purify this naughty globe!

## MARCH.

The world of growing things takes heart again!  
And through the deadened earth a tremor goes,  
Caused by the sudden advent of March blows,  
Accompanied by surcharge of oxygen.  
The gurgling turkey cock, the twittering wren,  
The swift road-runner in his vibrant pose,  
Exult that verdure that in winter froze,  
May lift its drooping head in sight of men!

Then come ye vaulting growths! regale our eyes  
With rebirth of old forms, the parable  
Of recrudescent life; seeking the skies  
In haste to prove the promise multiple!  
Awake then balmy spring! dead germs arise,  
And witness bear to God's own miracle!

## APRIL.

The month when birds make nests among the hills;  
When trees begin to put forth tiny buds,  
Acacias swelling as the vapor scuds;  
And nature to its new creations thrills!  
When oriole with life mate coyly bills,  
As morning splendor all the landscape floods,  
Or evening sun the grassy mountains ruds,  
And nature out of all, content distills!

Our fathers called it Easter Month, one time,  
In honor of the Spring; in its last week  
The ghosts will walk beneath the sacred chime,  
Of those long doomed to die ere winter bleak;  
The first is known as April-Fool's, when prime  
Enjoyment comes from jokes on dull and meek!!

## MAY.

This is the month when gayest flowers bloom!  
But lucky marriages can not take place,  
Because of old traditions of the race,  
To give this time to dead men's funeral gloom,  
Which would destroy the ardor of the groom!  
And thus do superstitions interlace  
With honest facts, and spoil the shining face  
Of May, and trample down her merry plume!

In Arizona, May is jolly maid,  
Companion of the sweet and lovely flowers,  
That deck the hillsides in a long parade,  
And brighten up the ever sunny hours;  
Whose perfumes all the atmosphere pervade,  
And whose refulgence grateful earth endowers!!

## JUNE.

June has been sung by poets in the past,  
As month of perfect days! With us 'tis hot,  
And more than hot! The loafing cow-boys squat  
About and watch the sky, for rain, aghast  
At waves of heat that burn like furnace blast;  
Except when clean they water-holes, and trot  
From hole to hole, as cows the place can not  
Forget, where formerly they drank and grassed.

The days are hot, and as the solstice draws  
Apace, are hotter yet; until the heat  
Forbids exertion: when the cancer's claws  
Begin his well known motions of retreat,  
The air is saturated in the pause;  
That good St. John may bring relief complete!

## JULY.

This is the month when blessed rains renew  
Man's faith in God's profuse beneficence,  
Restore to him a perfect confidence,  
And help him stand the hardships that ensue.  
This is the month when patriots review  
With leaping hearts and words of eloquence  
The glories which our fathers recompense,  
And vow all foes of freedom to subdue.

As nature struggles to revive the land,  
Our country's birthday comes with this new birth.  
A happy omen to both hill and strand,  
Renewing growth and thought alike of worth,  
To finally make of us a nation grand,  
The fre-est, foremost, and the best on earth!!!

## AUGUST.

The hills are green with eager grass once more,  
The water runs in every canyón brook,  
The cows and horses towards the mountains look,  
The clouds, new sent by heaven, towards heaven soar,  
While brilliant flowers bedeck the mesa floor,  
The oaks releave, the cactus sharpens hook,  
The garden vines with weighty harvest crook,  
And all good folks a bounteous God adore!!

This lucky time is well and rightly named!  
The most inspiring portion of the year,  
Whose many wonders have been oft acclaimed,  
Since nature's master-pieces now appear!  
The swelling crops are still in verdure framed,  
And smiling fields betoken certain cheer!

## SEPTEMBER.

Now summer's done and fall brings other needs:  
The grain to winnow, apples to be thinned;  
The children are to studious routine pinned,  
While their preceptor for attention pleads!  
The husbandman no longer sows his seeds,  
Shortening days the laws of growth rescind,  
Corn-tassles waving in the amorous wind,  
With rarer showers to freshen autumn meads!

The birds are coaxing young in watered dells,  
The cattle resting in well-fed content,  
The young men idling with their damozells,  
The eager beasts no longer follow scent,  
The year, too, rests from making miracles,  
In hopes of days to be in comfort spent.



## OCTOBER.

Come now and gather in the yellow maize,  
Strip off the ears and husk them in the field,  
Heap up frijoles from the generous yield,  
And cure tobacco for the peaceful blaze,  
The squash and pumpkins and potatoes raise,  
Tomatoes from the early frost now shield,  
And ardent chili's savoury forces wield,  
To give us corpulence in winter days!

All these are by descent American;  
Now add to these the fine imported kinds  
Of grains and fruits, and even cultured man,  
We have the best of fare that history finds  
In all the storied years! The wisest plan  
Could not set better feast for wearied minds!!

## NOVEMBER.

The scarlet chili hanging from the eaves,  
The chosen seed-corn saved for next year's crop,  
The grain that makes the bread the children sop,  
The dried beef browning over burning leaves,  
The root-crops that the plough from furrow heaves,  
The beans providing strong men's surest prop,  
The nuts and apples that the branches drop,  
The luscious ham that to the ham-bone cleaves!!!

As odorous savor from the kitchen drifts,  
This time of thanks will serve us to recount  
Our many blessings, masteries and gifts,  
Which come from one great over-flowing fount,  
And as each heart gives joyous tongue, it lifts  
Thanksgiving anthems, that to heaven mount!

## DECEMBER.

The frost sets in! the days grow still more short,  
The snow-clouds hover, making lone and dark  
The chilly night. We blow the willing spark  
Upon the family hearth. We then resort  
To games and rhymes and subtle, quick retort;  
While in the frosty air, some noisy lark  
Brings house-dogs to their feet with snappy bark;  
Till all with weary limbs, with sleep comport.

Then at the solstice hope revives afresh,  
The days begin to lengthen when the Christ  
Who bargained for our souls, in earthly flesh,  
Promised salvation, priceless but unpriced,  
And tried to raise us in His fisher's mesh.  
Now worship we our Savior sacrificed!!

## LEAP YEAR.

The rule is old! as old as all our race:  
That in the year that takes the extra day,  
A spinster, still untaken, surely may  
Propose to any man by Leap-Year's grace!  
And any honest man, in such a case,  
Who's free to wed a maid, he must obey  
The call of chivalry, however gray;  
His fate with tact accept, and Kismet face!

And yet one loop-hole for the man is left:  
If he declines the offered happiness,  
He, if of gallantry so far bereft,  
May give the lady choice of one fine dress!  
No matter how delightful, or how deft  
The lady is, this frees him from the mess!!

## OUR FICKLE WEATHER.

### 1

Our country is so vast that one can get  
Whatever he may look for in the way  
Of customs, laws, and climate dry or wet,  
But always changing all, from day to day!  
With strictest laws for young girls' carriage,  
And more than twenty ways of marriage,  
And forty seven of divorce!  
And most so fanciful,  
And all so changable,  
That one knows not the proper course  
To take when he begins relaxing;  
And as to different ways of taxing,  
It takes a lawyer to compile report,  
Of what a man should pay his government;  
Indeed it is these various kinds of sport,  
That makes so many kinds of discontent!

### 2

And this is due, methinks, to weather change,  
Of which we have so great variety!  
For while there is a regular seasons' range  
Somewhere, there is throughout no constancy!!  
At Old Superior, nine months winter,  
And three months fall; a lively sprinter  
Could not keep up with summer's dash!  
While down in Florida,  
Under the gondola  
The tropic waters gently splash!  
Although at San Diego, vernal  
Conditions make a spring eternal!  
But here in Arizona seasons four  
Give curious routine! one, damp, second, dry;  
The third is wet, the fourth, seared to the core!!  
With such great changes, what can gratify?

MAR 27 1924

# ARIZONA LYRICS

No. 20.

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*Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty!*

Thomas Jefferson.

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### OUR APRIL DUTY.

APRIL, 1775.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

*The Concord Hymn,*  
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

APRIL, 1861.

Half of their work was done,  
Half was left to do!

\* \* \* \* \*

Our children shall tell of the strife begun,  
When Liberty's second April sun,  
Was bright on our brave old tree!

*The Washington Elm.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



## OUR APRIL DUTY.

APRIL, 1898.

Again we armed to free a race,  
Ground down by years of infamy,  
And felt the Cuban's warm embrace,  
As we again set Freedom's pace,  
Third April of our Liberty!

APRIL, 1917.

We know the work our fathers did  
Was done full well; yet not half done,  
As poets thought! From them were hid  
Reforms to be in future won!

Who could foresee this new attempt  
To blot our civilization out?  
Enslave again a world redempt?  
And every decent scruple flout?

Who could believe that in this age,  
The German would revert to Hun,  
And so provoke our pious rage,  
This Liberty's fourth April sun!

O Liberty! for thee we fight,  
By thee endure, to thee we give,  
In trust that God will shield the right,  
And let us with thee ever live!

And as in April comes anew  
The blessings of absolving spring,  
'Tis well that us it should imbue  
With lessons that all new births bring.

The greatest task in Freedom's name  
Is this on which we now embark;  
Which we as freemen do for fame,  
And doing make our freeman's mark!!

## SONG OF REVELATIONS, XII.

A woman, clothed in glory of the sun!  
With silver moon beneath her rosy feet,  
A crown of twelve bright stars her head piece won,  
Was travailing in birth and cried with heat.  
She pained and labored to deliver,  
With tremble, throe and anguished shiver,  
And she brought forth a man-child grown,  
Who was to rule all men,  
With rod of iron then,  
Caught up to God and to His throne.  
Behold a great red flaming dragon,  
Uprear its head to Charles's wagon,  
Who sought to sieze the child of woman born;  
But Michael's angels fought the beast with speed,  
And cast the serpent out, with all forlorn,  
To war forever on the woman's seed!!

## WHAT FOR? 1917.

All those who cry out, Why? What For?  
Are asking why we are at war?

And mighty hard it is to say,  
If they are moved by sheer dismay,

Or by a sorry ignorance,  
Or by perversity, by chance.

We do not fight for Wall Street's right!  
We do not fight for England's might!

Nor do we fight to save our gold!  
Nor yet to push our commerce bold!

We fight because we're called anew,  
To do the things that MEN must do,

And fight to safeguard liberty,  
For us, and for posterity!!

1620-1920.

Those honest, faithful pilgrims crossed the sea  
To make their homes upon this continent!  
Bradford and Winthrop, both by conscience sent;  
Williams and Vane with faith that man is free!  
And yet conditions staged a comedy!  
Their souls abjuring any drama meant;  
For fear they felt, disturbing their content,  
That they must drink cold water constantly!

Somehow they lived along without their brew,  
Until the liquor ceased to satisfy,  
For water was so good and plenty too!

As all things prospered with them that they try,  
Till over the Pilgrims' heads three centuries flew,  
They then, with hope, decreed the land, bone-dry!!

#### TO HARRY STEVENS,

Who met death trying to save a Mexican miner.

We say: No greater love hath any man,  
Than who gives up his life for well loved friend!  
A hero's sacrifice, his life to spend!  
No more for friendship, best of men can plan!!  
And yet to aid a soul of alien clan,  
His brains to offer or his strength to lend  
To one who foreign roadways used to wend,  
Is more, much more, than comes in most men's span.

So, Laddie, when your vigorous life you gave  
To rescue one unknown from gas filled shaft,  
And tried from such a horrid death to save,  
Though overcome by that gas-poisoned draft,  
You passed in dignity to honored grave,  
And to immortal ecstasy were waft!!!

## JOHN HANCOCK.

“Put your John Hancock here,” is often said,  
When executing lease or solemn deed,  
Because when signing Independence’ creed,  
That patriot wrote in letters easy read!  
Not long before he brought upon his head,  
Decree of death, endured as Freedom’s meed,  
And after, saw the sacred cause succeed,  
When all the foes of liberty had fled.

A true republican, who dared to think  
In liberal terms against a tyrant’s frown;  
High spirited, he made the very ink  
Reflect his proud disdain of king and crown:  
In times that tested souls, he did not shrink;  
So men have lifted him to high renown!!!

## SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

This nutmeg boy was born upon a farm,  
And learned the duties of a country youth;  
Though taught his Latin grammar, fairly couth,  
By mother celebrated for her charm.  
Becoming lawyer of reputed calm,  
And grown to years of reasoning and ruth,  
He recognized the wondrous strength of truth,  
And joined the patriots, spite of chance of harm.

In prime of life, he used his judgment keen  
To weigh the glories of triumphant cause,  
Against the dangers of a failure mean.  
Yet peril never gave him moment’s pause,  
Beyond reflection on the facts foreseen;  
And so we render him sincere applause.



## ONE OF OUR BOYS.

1918

I hope you heard the news  
About our fighting crews,  
In the glare!  
How it goes with the war,  
The cause they're fighting for,  
Over there!

A Pennsylvania lad,  
Who had Italian dad  
For his sire,  
Was fighting for our flag,  
For the right, and not for brag,  
Nor for hire!

He was helping out the French,  
In a wet and muddy trench,  
Front of Toul;  
He joined a Yankee raid,  
And not a bit afraid,  
Keeping cool.

Our boys made fierce attack,  
And drove the enemy back,  
Killing some;  
When lo! our Keystone boy,  
With his heart full of joy,  
Seized a bomb!

Alone he drove the Huns,  
Bagged three unready ones  
With much toil;  
These three he prisoners took,  
Nor at any time forsook,  
As his spoil.

## ONE OF OUR BOYS.

He brought them safe to camp,  
Their goose-step turned to tramp,  
With heads down;  
A little proud of this,  
And hoping not to miss  
Some renown!

He asked one of the batch  
For the loan of a match  
To a bloke;  
Our Cap told him to run  
And fetch another Hun,  
Just for joke.

Obeying orders then,  
He rushed the Teuton men  
In their trench;  
And in five minutes brought  
A Hun that he had caught  
At his bench!

A great six-footer Hun,  
Who shouted when outdone  
"Kamerad!"  
So led the frightened wight,  
And claimed the promised light,  
For his wad.

This is the kind of feat,  
We surely like to meet;  
He's our lad!  
Such readiness of speed,  
Such steadiness in need  
Make us glad!

We do not know his name,  
But then it's all the same,  
Hero grand!  
His lineage does not count!  
Of such there is a fount  
In our land!!

## HOW THE LANGUAGE GROWS.

There is a constant growth in language said,  
Of new emphatic forms; thus Maderista  
Is one of gentler mood! and then Villista  
Recalls rough stuff! Both used in stories read.  
Others there are expressive of dire dread,  
The cruel and barbarian Huertista!  
And now with us there is the new Baquista!  
Which means a man with vastly swollen head!!

Because some Texas bounders have obtained  
A square of land, and, grantees, have expelled  
The helpless settlers, oh! so ruthlessly;  
Have fenced up public ways they should have laned;  
In slaughtering harmless burros they've excelled;  
So earned the name in scorn from decency!!

## THE REGRESSING LADY.

Woman was always titled Adam's rib!  
Which once was plucked from out his manly chest!  
And of his many ribs, the very best!  
We know that this is true, and not a fib!!  
Because the woman from her helpless crib,  
Has sought the man, to be completely blessed;  
To aid her seeking, with all charm has dressed,  
In broidered tucker and in satin bib!!

She would on some man's bosom gently bench!  
To the place from which she came, again return!  
Tó part her first was such a painful wrench,  
That she to nestle there, will always yearn!!

So do not blame a neatly tapered wench,\*  
If this endeavor seems her chief concern!!!

\* Damsel.

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I, who staid behind,  
No recompense shall find.

—*Paul Derrick.*

## GOD DISPOSES.

By

Josiah Bond.

Before our country took her place  
With nations waging fight,  
For happier future of the race,  
And spread of Freedom's light!

While we were waiting foolishly  
To learn with growing gall,  
How hard a bold autocracy  
Would push us to the wall!

There buzzed loud in our mountain camp,  
A crowd, who sympathized  
With Huns, and hoped strong chains to clasp  
Upon our land despised.

So when war was at last declared,  
These pros were quite estranged;  
They kicked as boldly as they dared,  
And traitor words exchanged.



## GOD DISPOSES.

And as there are no strong police  
To watch them in their rounds,  
Following each his own caprice,  
Disloyalty abounds.

Now two there were in Alto camp,  
Of age to join the flag,  
And both were of an Ajax stamp,  
And wont of strength to brag.

Sam Bonaparte of French descent,  
From Canada derived,  
But now become a malcontent,  
In mining bunk-house hived.

He was I. W. W. trained,  
Which meant those days, against  
All worthy thoughts, that are ingrained  
In normal minds incensed.

The other was of father born  
From German fatherland,  
Who came here but a little, lorn,  
Abused and lonesome brand.

His name, Ralph Kaiser, clearly showed  
His race and parentage,  
Although since birth he had abode,  
This country's appanage.

Now both of these were native boys,  
And went to native schools,  
But they could not be called true joys  
Or shaped by Yankee rules.

## GOD DISPOSES.

For both had missed the training wise,  
Americans must hold,  
If they would really sympathize  
With patriot minds of old.

The summons came to register,  
And this brought out their zeal:  
For both in different ways demur  
To service for our weal.

And each had reasons of his own,  
That seemed enough to him;  
But kept him from the danger zone,  
And from the conflict grim.

Said Sam to us: "The Huns will blow  
The top of my head off!"  
This feeling he could ne'er outgrow,  
Though rough we tried to scoff.

It may have not been cowardice,  
We thought, that thus he felt;  
Nor was it just an artifice,  
But more a warning dealt!

At any rate he straight refused  
To willingly enlist;  
Therein his conduct none excused,  
And thus he praises missed.

He moved before they set his call,  
And was two years away;  
When he wrote back with hasty scrawl,  
He'd come without delay.

## GOD DISPOSES.

Now Ralph made quite as poor display,  
For gave he as his plea,  
He could not bear a man to slay,  
Which he could well foresee

Would be his fate, if gun he took,  
To use as weapon dire;  
Indeed he quite with ague shook,  
At thought of his gun fire.

He'd bragged of all the deer he'd got,  
Until it bore became;  
And true he was a tip-top shot  
At doves and other game!

We often wondered if he'd warn  
The man he was to kill,  
Or would he thought of safety scorn,  
In battle's sudden thrill.

We had no chance to solve this doubt,  
As just two days before  
The day to register, skipped out  
This soft heart with his store;

And like a selfish, brutal churl,  
When thought he to desert,  
He wed a helpless widow's girl,  
To hide behind her skirt.

The two, at once, thus disappeared  
From danger of the fray;  
Sometimes we hoped, sometimes we feared,  
It was perchance for aye.

## GOD DISPOSES.

We called them slackers, let them go,  
For there was much to do!  
We buckled to the harder row,  
Nor mourned these dastard two.

And time went on, as time will do,  
The war came to an end,  
And when the risk was safely through,  
Their pluck began to mend.

Then back they came to Alto's vales,  
Though quieter for sure;  
As each before our questions quails,  
And does himself immune.

Sam took himself to hillside mine;  
He there kept out of sight,  
And in the forests that confine,  
He hid from morn to night.

And Ralph came back, with cunning tales  
Of work in navy yard,  
And as before his cheek avails,  
And talk of labor hard.

He dwells in comfort once again,  
Although somewhat in fright,  
To mingle with all decent men,  
As though he had the right.

And now appears the curious thing!!  
The Keepers of the fates  
These slackers now together bring,  
To curse them with their hates!



## GOD DISPOSES.

The hunting season opened up,  
Ralph wanted bear or deer,  
And with a little mongrel pup,  
He came to hunt out here;

Expecting as he said, to find  
Some old acquaintance there,  
Who might direct him to a hind,  
Or lead him to a lair!

He wandered through the forest shut,  
With many snarling grunts,  
And met with Sam at latter's hut;  
They fraternized at once.

He lived with Sam for several days,  
And hunted through the wood;  
Was nearly lost in forest maze,  
Though in close neighborhood.

For Ralph was not a mountaineer;  
So Sam agreed to aid,  
And for a price to drive a deer,  
Up to his fusilade.

They started late that afternoon,  
And went to nearby dump,  
There to await the waning moon,  
When Sam a deer might jump.

They sat upon a pile of ore,  
While waiting for the night,  
And talked of war and warlike lore,  
Though neither had the right.

## GOD DISPOSES.

And Ralph was showing Sam his gun,  
Which was of latest make,  
With soft-nosed bullet one should shun,  
Though sure to cause an ache.

When by some curious accident,  
The gun went off with kick;  
The charge through Sam, acrasing went,  
As if it were a brick!

It tore a hole through neck and head,  
Through which ball could be flung,  
And from this gaping wound he bled:  
And cut away his tongue.

They took him to the hospital;  
He lingered but a week,  
And when they held his funeral,  
His slayer gave a shriek,

And fell down in a deathlike faint,  
From which he was revived  
With difficulty; with a plaint  
From depths of heart contrived.

Then everybody felt confused,  
The case they knew was sad;  
As slackers they had been accused,  
And this they thought was bad!

For while they sorrow recognize,  
Still sorrow's not enough;  
It will not man's mistakes revise,  
No more than winds that sough.

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## GOD DISPOSES.

For Sam, who had not meant to scoff,  
When feared he German gun,  
Had top of his poor head blown off,  
By just a slacker Hun.

And Ralph, who hated so to kill,  
That his country he abused,  
Had slain a friend, in way so ill,  
He could not be excused.

Moral of this coincidence,  
For moral there may be,  
Is that one's training must commence  
In earliest infancy.

We can not blame these boys so much,  
Although they went all wrong;  
The trouble's lack of father's touch  
That makes the children strong

To meet a duty when it comes,  
With ready bravery;  
For every crisis quick succumbs  
To truth and loyalty.

So let us pity all poor boys,  
Thus handicapped and bothered,  
Who, having fathers for convoys,  
Are utterly unfathered.

For Providence will have its way,  
No matter how men plan!!  
And God, in wisdom, can gainsay  
The will of any man!!!





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